The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We had intended printing some of the letters we have received from all parts of the British Isles complimenting and congratulating us on the Bookman Christmas Number, but these are so numerous and so unanimously eulogistic—one reader declares it is honestly worth a guinea; another would sooner have gone without all the other Christmas Numbers he has seen this year than have missed the Christmas Bookman; and so in various terms the same high praise is given—that we have decided to thank all such readers collectively and assure them we very greatly appreciate all the kind things they have written of us.

Mr. Heinemann has published a new edition of Mr. Zangwill's striking play, "The New Religion," for which the author has written a preface.

Under the title of "Pages Assembled," Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing this month a volume of selections from the books (some hitherto only privately printed) of Sir Frederick Wedmore.

Mr. George Edgar, whose story of the Prize Ring, "The Blue Bird's-Eye," was one of the most successful books of last year, has just completed his second novel, "Swift Nick of the York Road." It is a highwayman romance, and will be published this spring by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

We mentioned last month that "Tide Marks," the new novel by Margaret Westrup (Mrs. Margaret Stacey), was to be published immediately. Its publication has, we understand, been now fixed for next autumn.

This month brings us to the Centenary of Sir Isaac Pitman, who was born at Trowbridge on January 4th, 1813, and arrangements have been made for what can be literally described as a world-wide celebration of the event. When the project was mooted a few months ago it was taken up with enthusiasm, and a large and influential Committee was soon formed, with Sir Thomas Crosby (himself for many years a writer of the Pitman system) as President. There are to be important gatherings in London, Bath and New York, and a large number of other meetings in honour of Sir Isaac are to take place in various parts of Great Britain, the United States, Australia, India and Ceylon. Eminent Continental stenographers have intimated their intention to be present at the principal British celebrations. To say nothing of the Continent, "Pitman's Shorthand" is known and used wherever the English language is spoken, and its writers are to be found in all classes of society. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the

new President of the United States, is proud of the fact that he is one of them. There are many eminent medical men, who for years past have kept all their records in the Pitman shorthand, and equally eminent K.C.'s who make extensive use of the same accomplishment for professional purposes. What journalism owes to it everybody knows. It has been adapted into twenty different languages, including French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Welsh, Latin, Chinese, Japanese and Hindustani.

"Sir Isaac Pitman was trained with a view to his becoming a schoolmaster," says Mr. Edward A. Cope, the energetic Hon. Secretary of the Pitman Centenary Celebration, "and was entered at the Borough Road Training College of the British and Foreign School Society. An old system of shorthand that came under his notice fascinated him; realising its possibilities as a means of saving time, he adapted it with the idea of teaching it to others, submitted it to a publishing firm, was recommended to invent a new system, took the advice, and ultimately produced his own shorthand in 1837. It was based on the principle of disregarding entirely the conventional spelling and employing symbols to represent sounds. For that reason he styled it "Stenographic Shorthand," a title abandoned later in favour of "Phonography." It was a crude method at first, but it underwent much revision in subsequent years and developed into the practical system now so well known. It was propagated in its early days by a remarkable crusade, undertaken by its inventor, several of his brothers, and a few ardent disciples whom he had infected with his own enthusiasm. Large meetings were held throughout the kingdom; lectures were given, and classes started. The movement was mixed up with a Spelling Reform agitation and provoked a good deal of opposition. But the shorthand spread and got into use. Its inventor lived to see it recognised as the English stenography. His admirers presented him with his bust by Brock in 1887, when the Jubilee of the system was celebrated. On the recommendation of Lord Rosebery he was knighted in 1894. Three years later he died. A Memorial Portrait, the cost of which was defrayed by writers of the system, was presented to the National Portrait Gallery; a Memorial Window was set up in the church at Bath which he had habitually attended; and a Tablet has been placed by the Corporation of Bath on the house in Royal Crescent in which he lived for many years." It is enough to say in his praise that all the honours bestowed upon him were well earned. Any one wishing for further information concerning the Centenary Celebrations should communicate at once with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Edward A. Cope, Avoca, Selsdon Road, South Croydon, Surrey.

Sir Isaac Pitman.
From the memorial portrait by A. S. Cope, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving (Miss Mabel Hackney) have arranged to dramatize Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's charming novel, "Little Thank You." Mrs. O'Connor modelled "Jimps," the dog of her story, upon "Mop," the wonderful fox-terrier who has already appeared on the stage, acting a "star" part specially written for him by his master, Mr. Laurence Irving.

"Red Harvest" is the title Mr. Newman Flower has given to his first novel, which is to be issued this month by Messrs. Cassell. It is a romance based upon the events that led up to the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia nine years ago, and its scenes are laid in London, Paris and Belgrade. Mr. Flower has an interesting story of how his novel came to be written. Not long since he met a man in Paris who had been associated with the assassination, and he told a remarkable story, which Mr. Flower resolved to re-tell in the form of fiction, and "Red Harvest" is the result. Mr. Flower is well known among the Society of Dorsetmen as a keen student of Thomas Hardy, and better known to the rest of us as editor of those popular monthlies—*The Story-Teller* and

Photo by Essenhigh Corke & Co. **Mr. Newman Flower.**

Photo by Eug. Pirou, Paris. **Joseph Turquan,**
whose new book, "A Great Coquette: Madame Recamier and Her Salon," Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing this Spring.

Cassell's Magazine of Fiction. "I remember very gratefully," he says, "the first advice given to me by a former Cassell editor, Mr. Max Pemberton, who told me the only sound recipe for writing a story was: 'First have your story to tell—then tell it.'" He adds that in his capacity of editor he has always based on this maxim his judgment of stories submitted to him. With what success he has applied it to the writing of his own first novel we shall know when we come to read it.

Mr. Irwin S. Cobb, whose "Back Home" has been published by Mr. Heinemann, is described by an American critic as a blend of Mark Twain, O. Henry and Edgar Allan Poe at their best. He was born in Kentucky in 1876, and has been a hard-working journalist since he was in his teens. At the age of nineteen he was "the youngest managing editor of a daily paper in the United States," and went from editing the *Paducah Daily News* to join the *New York Evening Sun*, then to the *Evening World*. But one time and another he seems to have done work for half the principal papers of New York. His first short story, "The Escape of Mr. Trim," appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is a story of the delightfully irresponsibly humorous kind, for humour is Mr. Cobb's predominating quality, but like all true humorists he has a fine sense of the grim, the gruesome and the terrible, and for sheer grimness and uncanny horror it would be difficult to equal outside the pages of Poe such of his stories as "Fish-head," "The Belled Buzzard" and "An Occurrence up a Side Street." In the course of a lecture at Columbia College, Mr. Gelett Burgess spoke of Mr. Cobb as "one of the ten great American humorists"; but the American writer, Mr. Robert H. Davis, says with reference to this that "Cobb ought to demand a recount—there are not ten humorists in the world, but Cobb is one of them." It is Mr. Davis who also says, "the extraordinary thing about Cobb is that he can turn a burst of laughter into a funeral oration,

Miss Lilian Street,
whose new book, "Jim and the Squire," is published by Messrs. Putnam.

Mrs. W. S. Jackson,
who has translated two of the latest volumes in Mr. John Lane's collected edition of Anatole France.

a snicker into a shudder, and a smile into a crime. He writes in octaves, striking all the chords of humour, tragedy, pathos and romance with either hand. Observe this man in his thirty-sixth year, possessing gifts the limitations of which even he himself has not yet recognised." Ten of his strongest and most characteristic stories are included in "Back Home."

Mr. Wilfrid Jackson, whose book of essays, "Cross Views" was published the other day by Mr. John Lane, is a barrister and was called at Lincoln's Inn in 1894. He is, moreover, a nephew of Mr. Alfred Austin's. He is the author, as most of us will remember, of three delightfully humorous novels, "Nine Points of the Law," "Helen of Troy, N.Y." and "Trial by Marriage," which were also published by Mr. Lane; he has written on Caricature and French and English Draughtsmen in the *Nineteenth Century*, and is an occasional contributor of verse and prose to the *Bystander*, the *Tatler*, and other papers. Mr. Jackson's wife, too, has done good work in literature, and recently translated "At the Sign of the Reine Pedanque," and "Jerome Coignard," for Mr. Lane's collected edition of Anatole France's works.

It is now an open secret that the successful novel, "The Odd Man" by Arnold Holcombe, published some two years ago by Mr. John Lane, was the work of Mr. Arnold Golsworthy (The "Jingle" of the *Bystander*). Readers who enjoyed that hilarious story of village life will be pleased to hear that Mr. Golsworthy has completed a new novel, "The Little World," which will be published this month by Messrs. George Allen & Co. He has chosen a theme that lends itself well to his keenly satirical, genially philosophical outlook on life. It is a dramatic story that develops out of the lives of typical residents in a London suburb to whom a few obscure streets with high-sounding names form a little world of their own.

In his admirable series of character sketches, "Prophets, Priests and Kings" (Alston Rivers), Mr. A. G. Gardiner included a brilliant study of Lord Morley, in which he describes him as "the only 'double first' of his time. He is perhaps the only double first since Burke. Other men have won distinction in more than one field. Canning wrote verse. Disraeli wrote novels. Macaulay was an orator as well as an historian. Gladstone discussed Homer as vehemently as he discussed Home

Mr. W. S. Jackson,
From a drawing by himself.

Rule. . . . But of none of these can it be said that he was in the front rank alike of literature and of statesmanship. It may with reserve be said of Lord Morley." Passing to a subtle analysis of Lord Morley's character, Mr. Gardiner says: "In the deep-set, contemplative eye and indeterminate chin of Lord Morley you see the man who inspires others to lofty purpose rather than the man of action. In his study, alone with the past or the present, he hitches his wagon to a star and rides away into the pure serene. In a set speech, face to face with a great issue, he sounds a note of moral greatness, austere and pure, that is heard from no other lips to-day. . . . He has often been on the losing side; sometimes perhaps on the wrong side: never on the side of wrong. . . . There is about him a sense of the splendid austerity of truth—cold but exhilarating. It is not merely that he does not lie. There are some other politicians of whom that may be said. It is that he does not trifle with truth. . . . He brings to the consideration of politics that historic sense which is the most rare and valuable element in contemporary criticism. He seems aloof from the dust and heat of the conflict, watching the unfolding of a new chapter in the eternal drama of things, and making his comments, not in the spirit of one of the actors, but with the cold detachment of the Greek chorus. The alarms and excursions of politics, its subtleties and stratagems, do not appeal to him. . . . His true place is with Burke on the back benches, applying the test of eternal principle to the momentary task, rather than with Walpole on the Treasury bench, seeking to make principles bend to the necessities of occasion." Our photograph of Lord Morley on page 203 is one of the portraits that illustrate Mr. Gardiner's book.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1st to February 1st, 1913.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BURNET, JAMES, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Edin.).—Handbook of Medical Treatment. 3s. 6d. net.
BURNET, JAMES, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Edin.).—The Pocket Clinical Guide. 1s. 6d. net.
BURNET, JAMES, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Edin.).—The Pocket Prescriber. Third Edition. 1s. net.
CHARLES, REV. R. H.—A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity; or, Hebrew, Jewish, and Christian Eschatology from pre-Prophetic Times till the Close of the New Testament Canon (The Jowett Lectures for 1898-99). New Edition. 10s. 6d. net.
HEADLAM, CECIL.—France (Making of the Nations). Containing 32 full-page Illustrations from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net.
ROBERTSON, W. G. AITCHISON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.P.E., F.R.S.E.—Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and Public Health. Second Edition. With 39 Illustrations. 8s. net.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

BARBOUR, G. F., D.Phil.—The Ethical Approach to Theism. 3s. net.
CUSTANCE, ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD N., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O.—The Ship of the Line in Battle. With Diagrams.
MERZ, I. THEODORE, Ph.D., D.C.L., LL.D.—A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century. Vol. III. 15s. net.
PAGE, ARTHUR (Barrister at Law).—Conservative Principles and Modern Problems. 5s. net.
THEOBALD, F. V., M.A. (Cant.).—A Text Book of Agricultural Zoology. New Edition. 8s. 6d.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

ARNOLD-FORSTER, RT. HON. H. O. — History of England. New Edition. 5s.
ARNOLD-FORSTER, RT. HON. H. O.—Civil Service Guide. New Edition. 1s. net, and 1s. 6d. net.
BRIGHTMORE, PROFESSOR A. W., D.Sc., M.I.C.E.—Structural Engineering. 10s. 6d. net.
CHESTERTON, G. K.—Father Brown. 1s. net.
FLOWER, NEWMAN.—Red Harvest. 6s.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—Child of Storm. 6s.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—The Yellow God. 1s. net
MARSH, RICHARD.—A Master of Deception. 6s.

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CHURCH, COLONEL (late). — Aborigines of South America. 10s. 6d. net.
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CROTCH, W. WALTER.—Charles Dickens and Social Reform. 5s. net.
CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Golden Woman. 6s.
EYRE, A. MONTGOMERY. — History of St. John's Wood. 12s. 6d. net.
HAMMOND, FRANCES.—Let them Say! 6s.
JAMES, WINIFRED.—The Mulberry Tree. 7s. 6d. net.
JONES, HENRY ARTHUR.—Principles of the Modern Drama. 7s. 6d. net.
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RIDLEY, LADY.—Margery Trytton. 6s.
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SIMPSON, VIOLET A.—The Beacon Watchers. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BENNETT, ARNOLD. — Sacred and Profane Love. Popular Edition. 6d.
"OUIDA."—Princess Napraxine. Popular Edition. 6d.

"Brenda."

Whose patriotic romance, "Mary Pillenger," was recently published by Messrs. Putnam.

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THE READER.

LORD MORLEY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By Alexander Mackintosh.

IT cannot be truly said of Lord Morley that he is known only as a man of letters among politicians, and as a mere politician among men of letters. He has won honour and fame in each sphere. No statesman has held higher rank in the realm of literature; no writer of books, except Disraeli, has risen higher in the service of the State. Voltaire "is supposed to have hinted to Cardinal Fleury that to have written epic and drama does not disqualify a man for serving his king and country on the busy fields of affairs," and according to Lord Morley, indeed, Burke like some other men in our history "showed that books are a better preparation for statesmanship than early training in the subordinate posts and among the permanent officials of a public department." On the other hand he has said in his essay on Vauvenargues that "for sober, healthy and robust judgment on human nature and life, active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of the many affairs of their daily life is a better preparation than any amount of wholly meditative seclusion." In his own case, while winning in each domain an independent success, the one career has made him fitter for the other; we have seen the author of a score of volumes acting with distinction as Secretary of State for India, and carrying the Parliament Act through the House of Lords, and we have seen the practical politician embodying his personal experience of statecraft in his books, and especially in the "Life of Gladstone."

Sir Algernon West has quoted Lord Morley as saying, many years ago, "I wonder if I should not have been happier writing obscure philosophical works, which nobody would read, on the Hog's Back, than leading a political life." This, we may be sure, was not an abiding feeling on his part. He has observed that a French philosopher rated literature, "as it ought to be rated," below action, and he has personally shown a high ambition in the political world and a noble pride in the position of ruler and leader. "Most literature, nearly all literature," he writes apropos of Turgot, "is distinctly subordinate and secondary; it only serves to pass the time of the learned or cultured class, without making any definite mark either on the mental habits of men and women, or on the institutions under which they live. Compared with such literature as this, the work of an administrator who makes life materially easier and more helpful to the half-million of persons living in the Generality of Limoges or elsewhere must be pronounced emphatically the worthier and more justly satisfactory." In the case of almost every literary man who enters Parliament, regret is expressed at his giving up to party what was meant for mankind, but regret, as a rule, comes from opponents of the party to which he has devoted his talents. There is no reason to believe that the man of letters who, as Secretary of State, was responsible for the enlargement of the liberties of the Indian people, regrets the fact that for thirty years of his life politics and Parties have occupied a very large portion of his time. On account of these occupations, it is true, we have been deprived of the book which he intended to write on Chatham. How much else has been lost to literature we know not. We must judge Lord Morley by what is and not by what might have been.

Photo by Haines. **Lord Morley.**

Born at Blackburn on Christmas Eve, 1838, the son of a surgeon, John Morley passed the early years of his

Lord Morley's House at Wimbledon.

life in his native town. He was still very young when he went up from Cheltenham College to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1859. In his Oxford days, as he has recorded, "the star of Newman had set and the sun of Mill had risen in its stead." "Two men have made me"—he said late in life—"John Stuart Mill and Mr. Gladstone." The influence of the Liberal leader concerned the second stage of his career. His early debt to the philosopher was acknowledged fully by the grateful "pupil," who held in affectionate remembrance Mill's "wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardour with a calm and settled mind." Burke and Wordsworth, Goethe and Emerson, were among the teachers who influenced him through the printed word; for a time he felt the spell also of Carlyle, and he owed much in his walk through life to the companionship of George Meredith. On leaving Oxford he had a considerable struggle to secure his footing as a man of letters. He combined tutorial work with journalism, taking a mastership at a school at Charlton in Kent. His literary apprenticeship was served under the Rev. Frederick Arnold on the *Literary Gazette*, the title of which was subsequently altered to the *Parthenon*, and he himself became its editor before he was twenty-five. One of his Oxford friends, Mr. Cotter Morison, had married a daughter of Mr. Virtue, the publisher, who was the proprietor of the *Gazette*.

Early in the 'sixties, middle articles in the *Saturday Review* contributed by the young writer who became a Viscount in 1908, were attracting attention, and a selection of these formed his first volume, published without his name, under the title "Modern Characteristics," in 1865. Some of his sayings may be quoted to illustrate his suggestiveness. In an essay on "False Steps," the young man remarks that "probably about the most fatal blunder that anybody can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest." Again, in "Clever Men's Wives," he declares: "No wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion." Discussing "Minor Tribulations," he says: "If a man tells you that he likes the flavour of Gladstone claret as well as that of Lafitte, or Cape as well as Port, or a bad dinner as well as a good one, you know at once that he is talking only for the sake of some imaginary effect; and you not only scout his execrable philosophy but entirely disbelieve in his sincerity." On "Philosophers and Politicians," he gives a hint of his own ambition by saying: "Some

Photo by Hainss.

Lord Morley's Library at Wimbledon.

men would rather have been the author of 'Hamlet' or the Principia, than have held the highest authority in the State, but they are very often just the men of the smallest intellectual calibre and least likely to erect one of these intellectual monuments more lasting than brass." Perhaps he was thinking of himself when he saw "no good reason why the hopes of a political career should stand in the way of what might be an extremely useful literary career."

It was due largely to the influence of Mr. Cotter Morison, who was one of the founders of the *Fortnightly Review*, that Lord Morley succeeded Lewes as its editor in 1867. For a short time he edited also the expiring *Morning Star*, a Radical paper which enjoyed the assistance and patronage of Mr. John Bright. Lord Morley's literary and political power really dates from the time when he assumed the control of the *Fortnightly*. Believing in an open mind as the true secret of wisdom, he made his review the organ and instrument of all that tended to progress and freedom. A certain dissent from received theologies, as the editor noted, was found in company with new ideas of social and political reform. Mr. Harrison wrote in its pages his powerful defence of Trades Unions; it contained Mr. Huxley's memorable paper on the Physical Basis of Life; and Mr. Chamberlain, the rising Radical leader, contributed to it the most pungent articles he ever penned. In a single number we find a criticism by Mr. Chamberlain on the Liberal programme, a review by Mr. Leslie Stephen of Disraeli's novels, an article by the editor on a recent work on supernatural religion and chapters of "Beauchamp's Career." The contributors included Bagehot and Freeman, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, William Morris and the Rossettis.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Lord Morley in 1886.

The contents of several of Lord Morley's books appeared first in the *Fortnightly* and there were, of course, from his pen contributions of a more polemical character. One volume of the *Review* includes not only his articles on Mr. Pater's essays and the death of Mr. Mill, but another entitled "The Five Gas Stokers." This, which appeared in January, 1873, was a vigorous protest against a heavy sentence on men for conspiring to break the Masters and Servants Act, and the writer scornfully remarks that "the public, whose gross fury may be supposed to have made the judge bold, has retired with sullen half-ashamed satisfaction to the enjoyment of the luxuries with which it commemorates the birth of the divine communist." Lord Morley, who had been an unsuccessful candidate at Blackburn in 1869, was as biting as Mr. Chamberlain in his criticism of the Liberal authors of the Education Act of 1870, which caused so much disappointment to dissenters. The system of signed articles introduced by Mr. Lewes was maintained, although not inflexibly, by his successor, and in the valedictory article which he wrote in 1882, reviewing his fifteen or sixteen years editorship, he held that it had on the whole been justified. He claimed, too, that reviews, of which his own was the first English type, had brought abstract discussion from the library down to the parlour, and from the serious student down to the first man in the street.

Many volumes, the result of close research and sustained thought, came from Lord Morley in the years of his editorship of the *Fortnightly*. His "Modern Characteristics" was followed in 1867 by his first book on Edmund Burke, and in quick succession by his biographies of Voltaire (1872), and Rousseau (1873), by his volume "On Compromise" (1874), by "Miscellanies" (1871–77), by his "Burke" (1878), in the English Men of Letters series, which he edited, by "Diderot and the Encyclopædists" (1878), and by "The Life of Richard Cobden" (1881), which brings us to within a year or two of his election to the House of Commons. "On Compromise" was described by Mr. George McLean Harper, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* as the moral portrait of the author. It is, to quote Lord Morley's own words, a vindication of the simple right of living one's life honestly. With a fine, persuasive temper he develops the doctrine that a man is answerable at his own peril for having found or lost the truth. He pours irony on creatures of the conventions of the hour, and on such, for instance, as those who, while not believing in hell, think hell a useful fiction for the lower classes. The "possible utility of error" is discussed by him fearlessly and yet considerately. It may be supposed that high political position proved embarrassing to one whose sense of responsibility was so keen as that of the author who, in the book "On Compromise," wrote scornfully of "the education of chiefs by followers, and of followers by chiefs, into the abandonment in a month of the traditions of centuries or the principles of a lifetime," but whether his opinion of the House of Commons view of human life was modified or not we may be sure he maintained, as far as possible, his own intellectual integrity.

A splendid service was done by Lord Morley in his

series of studies of the intellectual precursors of the French Revolution. To him the ordinary English reader is indebted for much of what he knows concerning Voltaire, "the very eye of eighteenth century illumination," concerning Rousseau in whom, "polite Europe first hearkened to strange voices, and faint reverberation from out of the vague and cavernous shadow in which the common people move," and concerning Diderot and the Encyclopædists who sowed the seed of all the great improvements bestowed on France by the Revolution. Not only does the author assist us to understand the teaching of those illustrious thinkers, but he gives us an interest in the men themselves. His portrait of Rousseau, that "master example of sensibility," has a sustained attraction even to the simplest student, and it contains many of those suggestive *obiter dicta* which contribute to the charm of Lord Morley's style. For instance he notes: "There are men, famous or obscure, whose lives might be divided into a number of epochs, each defined and presided over by the influence of a woman." He refers to "that intractable emptiness of pocket which is the iron key to many a deed of ingenuous looking self-denial and Spartan virtue." And he points out that, "one side of character is obviously tested by the way in which a man bears himself in his relations with those of greater social consideration." To his volumes on Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, Lord Morley adds a series of essays on Vauvenargues, the moralist and composer of aphorisms; Turgot, "perhaps the one sane Frenchman of the first eminence in the eighteenth century"; Condorcet, whose creed embraced a passionate belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature; and Joseph de Maistre, the champion of revived Catholicism.

Photo by Haines. **Lord Morley and his two favourite dogs.**

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Lord Morley in 1890.**

His studies of English statesmen, Burke, Cobden, Walpole, Cromwell and Gladstone—to give them in the order of publication—cover types which are widely diverse and yet each of which, in part at least, appealed to his sympathy. The first of his books on Burke, in 1867, was a historical study, almost entirely critical; his second, eleven years later, in the English Men of Letters series, was rather biographical, and has proved one of the most enjoyable and successful of his volumes. There are no men whom Lord Morley more frequently mentions than Turgot and Burke. The Frenchman appeals to him as "one of those to whom good government is a religion," and he shares Burke's passion for an ordered liberty. More than once he has quoted the great Whig's declaration: "I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty." "The liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order." He showed during his Indian Secretaryship, how he accepted this doctrine, and although Burke was not, in his opinion, always on the right side, it is possible, as he holds, to be in the wrong with humanity and breadth, and he would very gladly have been in Burke's company at almost all times, whether talking with Samuel Johnson, in the literary circle or acting with Rockingham. In Richard Cobden also he found a congenial champion of wise, just and sedate government, and the two volumes published in 1881, give a graphic, faithful, instructive record of the man who played so great a part in the Free Trade movement, and who had been much misunderstood.

Sedateness was aimed at by Lord Morley in journalism no less than in government. "No dithyrambs, *s'il vous plaît*," he

He was once an Editor.

As St. Patrick of Ireland.

would say to his colleague Mr. Stead, when editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His own articles in that journal, which he conducted from May, 1880, until August, 1883, were characterised by a distinction and refinement which commended them to readers who cared much for good literature and not at all for Liberal politics. In 1883, Lord Morley at last found a seat in the House of Commons. Rejected at his native place in 1869, and at Westminster in 1880, he was now elected for Newcastle-on-Tyne. From 1883 until 1885 he edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, but thenceforward the responsibilities of a leading position in the Liberal party limited his freedom as a publicist. The Irish Secretaryship, to which he was appointed at the beginning of 1886, drew him to the thickest part of the political battle, and there he remained so long as Mr. Gladstone lived, whether in or out of office. Fortunately, however, the author was never extinguished in the politician.

In the midst of discussions on coercion in 1888, Lord Morley produced his book on Walpole as one of the Twelve English Statesmen series. This gave us a vivid, homely, friendly picture of the Whig under whom Parliamentary government was rendered firm and a long stride made towards Cabinet solidarity, and it gave us also finely drawn sketches of George the Second and Queen Caroline and Bolingbroke, and other figures of the time. Nowhere, indeed, was Lord Morley's touch surer than in this work. His careful, painstaking presentment of Oliver Cromwell followed in 1900, and the crown was set on his literary labour by his "Life of Gladstone" in 1903. The merits of this discreet, dignified, masterly biography are recognised as fully by one Party as by another. It could not have been written by a politician who was not a man of letters, nor by a man of letters who had not been engaged in politics.

As an Indian Charmer.

But he is always Honest John.

Four sketches of Lord Morley by Sir F. Carruthers Gould.
Reproduced from "Picture Politics" by kind permission of the artist.

By no means a complete record has yet been given in these notes of all Lord Morley's literary achievements. He edited the Works of R. W. Emerson (1883), and Wordsworth's Complete Poetical Works (1888), and besides those already mentioned he issued several volumes of essays and addresses, including "Studies in Literature" in 1891, and new "Miscellanies" in 1886 and 1908. Lord Morley told Matthew Arnold that "whenever I travel I carry a volume of your writings with me. Before making a speech I read it for inspiration, and afterwards I read it again for consolation." There are politicians and journalists who frequently turn for stimulus and also for solace to his own essays, finding therein a store of suggestive ideas expressed in a style which is both easy and dignified. Take, at random, that literary gem, the sketch of W. R. Greg. The personal touches are graphic, as when we read that "he liked pleasant gardens; set a high value on leisure and even vacuity; did not disdain novels; and had the sense to prefer good wine to bad." One thinks several times of the writer himself when reading what he says of Greg. For instance, "the vice of small talk and the sin of posing he was equally free from; and if he did not happen to be interested he had a great gift of silence."

Lord Morley in 1894.

Character is impressed on everything that Lord Morley has written. The same individuality, serene, sedate, self-respecting, self-collected, is visible from his earliest volume to his latest. His modes of thought and expression sometimes recall George Eliot. We read in his "Walpole," that "a good name in those days was not incompatible with a jovial temper and much steady drinking." This sentence might have appeared in "The Mill on the Floss." To a French *prosateur* he was more indebted. In one branch of literature he was, he said, "reared on George Sand." French influence has been seen in his lucidity. There is charm in his harmony of language, in a certain archness that relieves his gravity, in his aphorisms, allusions and precepts, and in his happy choice of words from a limitless vocabulary. He is not afraid of repeating his favourite quotations. Lords and Commons have heard him quaintly exclaiming that "things are what they are and their consequences will be what they will be," and often he has declared with a smile that "the sons of Zeruiah are too hard for us." He is fond of recalling the maxims of Vauvenargues that "great thoughts come from the heart," and that "magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives," and Helvetius's saying that "in order to love mankind we must not expect too much from them." Repeatedly in print and speech he has quoted Wordsworth's description of a mind "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," and Goethe's noble, majestic psalm, *Das Göttliche*:—"Let man be noble, helpful and good, for that alone distinguishes him from all beings that we know." Not only literature but Parliamentary debate, so stilted and stunted in its language, has been enriched by his apt, animated, precise and penetrating phrases as well as by that integrity of mind and that insistence on the high moralities of life which have distinguished his whole career. *Chercher en gémissant* is advice which he has accepted from Pascal, and it may be said of himself, as he said of Burke, that he possesses the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things.

CARDINAL MANNING AND OTHER ESSAYS.*

BY MONSIGNOR R. H. BENSON.

MR. BODLEY has two great qualifications for writing such a book as this. The first is that he is essentially a spectator, identifying himself with none of his visions; and the second is that his mind is as shrewd and keen as that of a Frenchman. And it is precisely in the possession of those two characteristics that he finds, too, his limitations.

His two essays on French affairs are admirable; the former of the two, that on the Decay of Idealism in France, is keen and philosophical; he dissects, correlates and visualizes with wonderful skill: he shows—even by little illustrations from contemporary crime—how, while the Saxon toils at the superficies of things, the Gaul fastens upon an Idea—at least, how the Gaul used to do so. And he finds in the famous Dreyfus case the last national explosion of Idealism, centreing round the idea, rather than the person, of the Jew. Further, he distinguishes the old frame of Idealism from the more recent, and predicts that Catholicism, however great its revival may be, will no longer serve. Idealism may recover; but it will not be that which evolved Chartres and Beauvais, or even the basilica of Montmartre.

His essay on the Institute of France is more historical and narrative. It is crammed with information; it deals with the history of his subject through the periods of the Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte, and reveals a reality and *camaraderie* in the affairs of French literature and art such as are practically unthinkable for England.

But his essay on Manning is, of course, the centre of gravity in his book. He unites the three in one volume, simply because they happened to have been formed from three lectures delivered in 1911.

And Mr. Bodley, as spectator, had very great facilities for knowing the Cardinal. He, although a young man, was continually welcomed at Archbishop's House, and, in a way, to an intimacy that must have been very nearly unique. He sat with him night after night; they gossiped pleasantly together of Oxford and London society and a thousand interests. It was almost certainly the Cardinal's wish that Mr. Bodley should have written his biography. And, to these unique opportunities, Mr. Bodley brought an unique power of observation and discernment. As a fine and delicate sketch the essay is superb. The old Cardinal lives and moves in the dark austere room with the malachite crucifix, and the "faded red skull-cap cocked over one eye-brow": he utters his sharp little comments, he renews his Oxford days, he reads a line or two from a book he takes down from a shelf. Neither are the greater matters wanting. Mr. Bodley indicates the old man's passionate fight for great causes, his official dignity, his private quietness and simplicity, his boundless ambitions for the interests with which he identified himself. He was essentially a public man; he was acting outwards, always—moulding, guiding, encouraging: he lived really in action; in his privacy he was but reviewing his past, and meditating on his future. He was at home in the world of life; his own rooms were but ante-chambers to life. All this is beautifully depicted in Mr. Bodley's pages, with wonderful art and balance. It is a thousand times more competent as a biography—if the object of a biography is to reveal a personality—than the official "Life." The old man really lives; one would know how he would wish to be treated if he were to return to earth, and what comments he would make on the present affairs of England.

Yet it is exactly Mr. Bodley's extremely keen insight into a temperament with which he was at least intellectually in sympathy—a temperament, that is to say, that is patient of the kind of analysis in which Mr. Bodley excels—it is probably this very insight that is incapable of focusing itself upon other temperaments that have little in common with the Cardinal's; and it is one, therefore, that probably missed certain characteristics in the very person he describes so admirably. All this is brought out very vividly in Mr. Bodley's treatment of Newman. He says, very justly, that "there was fundamental antagonism between Newman's temperament and Manning's." "If they had been both born Catholics," he continues, "both sent to a Roman seminary at an early age, or submitted to the same discipline for the priesthood—even then they would have fought had they crossed one another's paths in the course of their pious ministry." All this is entirely just; a reader of the two published biographies—the one so bitterly unfair, the other so luminously tender—would endorse every word. It is the more astonishing, then, that one so balanced and shrewd as is Mr. Bodley can continue to condemn so fiercely the temperament of Newman, and fail to see that just because he understood the one so well it would be at least probable that he would not understand the other; and that he should not have made allowances for this. "For Newman's subjective mind," he says, "the whole scheme of Christian economy, and perhaps even the whole scheme of the universe, had been organised for the saving of the soul of John Henry Newman. Manning's objective vision, on the contrary, put his own personality in the background." This is an amazing judgment to pass. It would be just as unfair, but no more, for a fanatical Newmanite to say, "Manning's self-love and self-confidence showed itself in his boundless ambitions and activities: Newman, on the other hand, showed his modesty and self-distrust chiefly by his retirement from the world." And again, Mr. Bodley compares, with scarcely disguised contempt, Newman's gentle upbringing at home, his love of Oriel Common-Room, and his quiet life at Birmingham, with Manning's captaincy of the Harrow Eleven, his strenuous Union speeches at Oxford, and his fierce fights at Westminster—implying that the former lived only for himself, and Manning for others. Of course the temperaments were different; the whole world knows that, and the two protagonists, perhaps, best of all. Newman certainly found fault with Manning; and Manning, as these pages show, found a delicate and gently spiteful pleasure in

* "Cardinal Manning, and other Essays." By J. E C. Bodley. 9s. (Longmans.)

finding "ten distinct heresies . . . in the most widely-read works of Dr. Newman." But the pity is that men like Mr. Bodley who, on their own showing, are critics and observers rather than contestants, who stand (or ought to stand) above the dust of the fray, do not seem to understand their own partisanship, and should not be able to do justice to one character without injustice to the other. Both characters had a centre from which each worked, both had a circumference of activity; their methods were not the same, nor their ideals, but both served a common faith with whole-hearted loyalty. Mr. Bodley fails to do justice to this, and in his enthusiasm for one type is unable to understand the other.

For, after all, when all is said, when Newman's sensitiveness has been emphasized to the full, it remains that he was patient and obedient. Until the close of his life he remained in a certain obscurity, while Manning triumphed all along the line: the one received blow after blow, the other honour after honour. The one asked, at the worst, to be let alone, the other, at the worst, to be given his own way. It would have been more just, as well as more gracious, if Mr. Bodley had confessed his lack of sympathy with the more sensitive of the two natures and had said no more.

But, apart from those limitations, the essay is magnificent as a sketch and an analysis of a particular type of character—and the character of one, too, who has helped to mould the history of our own generation. There is but one more limitation—and that an inevitable one—the fact that the essayist was not a Catholic. Had he been so he might not only have understood the greatness of the author of the "Apologia," but have perceived, too, more of the secret motives of the great Cardinal whom he delights to honour. But, as he tells us, Manning never attempted, even, to press the Catholic religion upon his acceptance.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 2 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt. Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original continuation of any Nursery Rhyme (in not more than twelve lines)—telling, for instance, what happened to Miss Muffet after the spider frightened her away.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss Anita Lee, of 16, Mulgrave Street, Liverpool, and HALF A GUINEA to E. G. Buckeridge, of 5, Holly Village, Highgate, N., for the following:

"TO KEEP LOVE HOLY."

For me it is not in your eyes to gaze,
To take your hand, lead you by love-lit ways;
I may not sully with a temporal touch
The lips so pure, the form I crave so much,
Throw wide the gate of longing—draw you in—
Have done with earth and cry "Ah, heaven begin!"
To wear your favour here or win you fame,
To die for you—this crown I cannot claim;

I may not even look into your face
And tell my love, but only pray for grace
That I must stand without, afar, apart,
And still the echoes of my lonely heart.
To think of, dream of, live and feel for you
To *love* you, *that* is all that I may do;
Like distant gentle star to see you shine,
And while I wait, Oh God, this may be mine—
"To keep love holy."

ANITA LEA.

LONDON IN FOG.

Fog on the streets—and romance at the heart of it,
Every street adventure, every house a mystery,
Windows lit like stars,
And the dim electric cars
Swaying down the fairway like lighted ships at sea.

Fog on the streets—and London strange and beautiful.
All her secret colour glowing fold on fold,
Street lamps all ablaze
Like jewels in the haze,
All her open doorways shimmering with gold.

Fog on the streets—and London decked for carnival,
Masking in the spirit as the soul of her would be,
London as she gleams
In the splendour of her dreams,
Venice of the water-ways, Athens of the sea.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.

We select for printing:

FORGIVE!

Forgive, dear love, the nameless little sins,
The sins which Love alone perceives as such:
The hand withdrawn, the unresponsive touch,
The little trifling things which mean so much,
Which lose their nothingness when Love begins,
And make or mar the guerdon which Love wins.

Forgive the hasty, unconsidered speech,
Spoken half in jest, but giving sudden pain:
The word unspoken which would have made things plain,
The eyes averted, which if turned again
To speak to thine in language Love doth teach,
Would have restored to harmony each with each.

* * * * *

For thy dear Love's sake, love, forgive all this,
And seal thy love's forgiveness with a kiss.

Ah! happy they who thus may plead for grace,
And even while pleading, know they are forgiven.
When Love with Pride successfully has striven,
And self-abasement to the soul has given
A blessed peace. Then lovers shall efface
All sense of wrong in one long deep embrace.

But Oh! what anguish can more poignant be
Than of the heart which vainly longs to plead
Forgiveness from the dead? Shall the dead heed?
We know not—but we trust they may indeed,
Being with Thee, Lord, see as Thou dost see,
And even like Thyself, most merciful be.

* * * * *

We trust so:—but alas we still know this;
They cannot seal forgiveness with a kiss!

(G. E. Reece, Rose Cottage, Peterston-s-Ely, near Cardiff.)

A SONG OF ARCADIE.

In Arcadie, in Arcadie,
The blossom hangs on every tree,
A land of heather-haunted hills
And open moor and laughing rills.
Where all day long no sound is heard,
Save swish of grass and song of bird,
And drone of honey-heavy bee,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie.

The gates of Arcadie are high,
Above a sentence meets the eye
Deep writ into the massive stone,
"No man may enter here alone."
For many moons I strove in vain
Yet never could an entrance gain,
'Tis only Cupid holds the key
To Arcadie, to Arcadie.

Sweetheart, before it grows too late
Shall we not seek the Golden Gate,
And with the God of Love for guide
Explore the glowing country-side?
Ah! leave this world of Everyday,
Where no one cares to laugh and play,
And wander hand in hand with me
In Arcadie, in Arcadie.

(Dorothy Tweeddale, 8, Weld Road, Birkdale, Lancs.)

MADAM.

"Madam," say they, "died at noon;
Hair just tinged with early snow,
And her forehead marked too soon
By the finger of life's woe."
I know better; far away
In my youth's a burial stone.
In its shadow I to-day
Linger silent and alone:
And the date is plain to see—
"Marion: May day: '63."

"Madam," say they, "keeps her pride,
Though she be but pallid clay."
Could I, stealing to her side,
Look upon her face to-day,—
There'd be little left to tell
My old tender sweetheart by.
Twenty years too late the knell
Tolls for parting agony.
On her coffin-lid should be—
"Marion: May day: '63."

(Elsie Kendall, The Brush, Askrigg R.S.O., Yorkshire.)

The Lyric Competition has again been rather disappointing in quality, though the number of entries has been perhaps larger than ever before. We specially commend the Lyrics sent in by Edmund Howard (Putney), Miss MacDonald (Bridge of Allan), R. N. Watson (Southport), F. M. L. (Cottingham), Miss A. E. Richardson (London, S.E.), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), M. C. Foulis (Clifton), Guliemus G. Jackson (Northampton), Phyllis Tweeddale (Birkdale), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), Morice Mackenzie, M.A.

Lord Morley in his Library.

From a pen-and-ink sketch.

Lord Morley enters the House of Lords.
Drawn by G. R. Halkett and published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1908. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

(Aberdeen), Ethel R. Williams (Clifton), Olive Turgim (Southport), W. S. Aitken (Aberdeen), Alice Binks (South Shields), Robert Everall (Plaistow), F. Elsie Fry (Norwich), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), John Helston (Wandsworth), William Morriss (Sheffield), Esther M. Preston (Shepherd's Bush), J. D. C. Mongries (Putney), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Ernest Ashworth (Bradford), Ellen M. Clutterbuck (Burnley), Barnard Delorme (Canonbury), F. M. Wilson (Bangor), C. H. Whitby (Yeovil), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), T. Maynard (London, W.), G. B. Hardwick (Ealing), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), E. Summers (Dukinfield), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Collin Brooks (Southport), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Berkely (Andover), Guenn F. Newnham (Gillingham), E. Swanson (E. Finchley), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), R W. King (Catford), Francis Cocks (Uxbridge), G. M. Smith (Bristol), Doris Dean (Burnley), C. W. Turner (Brierfield), E. Irene Seaton (Dresden), G. J. Holme (Gt. Malvern), Ruth Ranken (Barnet), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Miss B. T. Briggs (Edinburgh), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Alice Wise (Leicester), A. S. Bhandakar (Bombay), A. Lee, Junr. (Southport), W. Hazard (Castlewellan), Alex. C. Welsh (Victoria, Australia), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Eric P. Freeman (Bexley Heath), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), H. Bertram Hewlett (Putney), S. Edwards (Sheffield), Sybil H. Graves (Bournemouth), Wilfred J. Grout (Folkestone), E. Gleave (St. Helens), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), D. C. Yarrow (Glasgow), M. W. Nettleton (Huddersfield).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

THE HABIT OF LETTERS. (REVIEW BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.)
"Here's yet a postscript."
SHAKESPEARE—*Twelfth Night.*

We also select for printing:

THE VOICE FROM THE NIGHT. BY CHARLES ERNEST STERRY. (George Allen & Co.)
"—Vocal are the noses
Of peasant and of king."
CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY—*Verses and Translations.*
(F. Squires Cook, Drumholiston, Carrick Road, Ayr.)

THE SOUL OF GOLF. BY P. A. VAILE.
"And see there!—
E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!"
R. H. BARHAM—*Ingoldsby Legends* (*Bloudie Jack*).
(Jessie Miller, Shaidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

THE BIG FISH. BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (Methuen & Co.)
"And still the wonder grew."
GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.*
(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

III.—This Competition was not particularly popular, but it was very close, and the winner only just managed to secure her prize intact. We award THREE NEW BOOKS to Miss Ethel R. Williams, of 6, Tyndall's Park Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following New Year's Greeting to Mr. E. V. Lucas:

Serenest quiet, flame-embroidered gloom,
The flash, on ordered shelves, of red and gold,
The after-flavour of a tale well told,
A dog or two asleep about the room;
The picture of the Dutchman's little maid,
Her underlip aquiver in a smile,
Lucas, be yours; for company the while
The gentlest essayist's beloved shade.

We also specially commend the work sent in by Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (South Woodford, N.E.), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley, Kent), Isabel Lewis (Edinburgh), Leonard Harling (Skipton), Annie M. Wilcock (Scarborough), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle, Hants), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Miss E. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), James Edwin Ruddle (Trowbridge, Wilts), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Miss I. J. Bryant (Ilminster), and Eveline Swanson (East Finchley, N.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Sybil Waller, of "Oriel Lodge," Wollstonecraft Road, Boscombe, Hants, for the following:

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. BY RICHARD MIDDLETON. (Unwin).

This book consists of slight studies of childhood, written with so rare a charm and such a real sympathy and understanding

The Gladstone Biography Company (Unlimited)
Drawn by G. R. Halkett. Reproduced from *Punch* by kind permission of the Proprietors and of the Artist.

of a child's mind, that no child-lover should miss reading it. Not since "The Golden Age" of Mr. Kenneth Grahame have we come across anything which can approach it in its line. Mr. Middleton's writing is full of poetry, yet as entirely free from unhealthy sentimentality, as it is from the exaggerated coarseness by which in their desire for robustness and realism so many modern writers seem to think the normal schoolboy must necessarily be depicted.

We also select for printing:

THE COLLECTED VERSE OF RUDYARD KIPLING.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this generous volume are gathered all those stirring poems of Kipling's that have blown like a bracing breeze into our national literature, and pioneered that new school of poetry which calls a spade a spade. Kipling does not wrap his verse in ultra-beautiful language, but shows us Life's beauty, horror, and humour in clear-cut word-pictures that bite into the brain. We read the "Barrack Room Ballads" as though we had slipped into Tommy Atkins' skin; and all the poems have the same thrill of realism that makes them vital and unforgettable, a legacy for all time.

(Alan C. Fraser, Highlands, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

HELEN OF LANCASTER GATE. By PHILIP GIBBS.
(Herbert and Daniel.)

Round a charming type of womanhood Mr. Gibbs has written an eminently readable story. All the characters are delightfully human, and if we have not met them in real life, we can well believe that the author has done so. Helen's engagement to the Under Secretary for War is ended by her inability to fulfil it as well as by the financial disgrace of her father. Her marriage; her life with her husband; the charm of her little son; the loyal comradeship of "the other man"; the return of her prodigal father—all are told with verve and sympathy.

(Mary Gillott, 45, Nottingham Road, Eastwood, Notts.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MAITLAND. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Throughout this interesting, if not fascinating, book, the reader's mind is torn with the problem: Should it have been written, and if so, why in this particular manner? We see no reason why Gissing's tragic story should not be told, especially if it be the opinion that he "was sent to Hell for the purpose of saving souls"; but we do object to the manner of the telling. The fictitious names are surely unnecessary, and leave one bewildered as to how much is truth and fiction, yet from Mr. Roberts' standpoint he has written a moving story.

(G. E. Wakealey, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

Good reviews were also sent in by Miss M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), N. Raghunathan (Madras, India), F. S. Fry (Norwich), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough),

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **Lord Morley.**

Mary Kingdom (Harlow, Essex), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol), J. Drummond C. Monfries (Putney, S.W.), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead, N.W.), D. Pratt (Chatteris), A. Gordon Fletcher (Erdington, Birmingham), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Agnes Macaulay (Great Malvern), E. Chadwick (Derby), M. Fergusson (Chester), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate, N.), Lossie Hoskins (Moseley, Birmingham), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), M. A. Newman (Badingham), and A. A. Chadwick (Derby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.

DISRAELI CONTINUED.*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

IT is indeed pathetic to read the sentence in the preface which tells us that this volume "was delayed by reasons of health." Hardly had it appeared than the author's untimely end added a sense of catastrophe. Not only has the pen dropped from his hand, not only is the work broken off, but that hand can write no more and the work itself is unfinished. Whoever may be privileged to pursue it will have to tone down somewhat of individuality if the style is to remain impersonal. And if its best qualities are to be prolonged, a certain terseness and terseness must be shown also. But surely other qualities there are in accord with a theme so vibrating. Nor is it ungracious to note that some lack of them causes defects which are actual obstacles—imperfections, not only of sympathy but of understanding, and of atmosphere even where colour might bewilder. For the initiated (always few) this second volume displays more of these than the first. In the first there were at least the inner clues of the "mutilated diary" to guide us, nor were we yet confronted by that crowded period of action which so readily lends itself to maps rather than pictures—to description, even of temperaments. In this very regard an excerpt from an autograph in a recent catalogue would have shed some light (though an alert perceptiveness might have forestalled it) on the *fiasco* of the *Representative*, and perhaps on the meaning of "Vivian Grey."† In the second, gaps at

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By William Flavell Monypenny. Vol. II., 1837–1846; 1912. 12s. net. (London, John Murray.)

† *Cf* a most interesting letter of restrospect (in Mr. Daniell's recent catalogue) from Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. J. Hanney, dated December 17th, 1862: ". . . I caught hold of the secret—anything political and which concerned Mr. Canning interested me. I rather, I dare say very intrusively, pushed myself into their affairs; but boys are pardoned and often encouraged. I saw some opening to public life and some connection with an eminent leader with whom I sympathised. It is not now very easy to get into Parliament; in those days it was still more difficult."

times and misconceptions tend to block out the true back-scenes. Nor is there enough width and completeness of view; the book almost seems to grow as it goes. And often too there is that sort of solemn head-shaking, that "candid friendship," that "point-a-moral" manner which make neither for depth nor vividness. We miss that centrality of outlook in which Disraeli delighted, the sole centralisation, indeed, that as political thinker he ever favoured. Moreover, there is overmuch of the didactic. When Disraeli seems to trip, much that would modify assumptions is allowed to pass; and, involuntarily, he is turned into an "awful example," black by the side of the lily-white Peel. He is absolved, it is true (and Peel absolves him), from the worn count of vindictiveness, but he is charged (as Peel never charged him)—and without exhaustive scrutiny—with "falsehood." His intrinsic bigness of soul, his dæmonic force and impelling motives are too little regarded. Granted that great men sometimes stoop, how seldom they stoop for trifles. Greatness, of course, must not be thrust on us, but no yard-measures of Lilliput will take the due stature of genius.

The nine years of this period were critical for Disraeli himself as for the country. The storm and stress of his youth were over, he had lived through many romances, out of which he had always created new worlds of his own, and his marriage to the widow of his colleague was to prove one of mutual devotion, as deep as it was delicate. She, as he recorded in the desolation of her death, was the most cheerful and the most courageous of women, while not many years earlier she assured a friend that through his tenderness her life had been one long scene of happiness. These pages reveal not only his love-letters (hers have perished) and their attendant, his Byronic tragedy of "Alarcos," but also the characteristic missive, or rather the strange proclamation, that he addressed to her on a misunderstanding which was soon ended. He fancied that she had reproached him with interested motives. He was perfectly frank with her:

"I avow when I made my advances to you I was influenced by no romantic feelings. . . . I was not blind to worldly advantages . . . but I had already proved that my heart was not to be purchased. I found you in sorrow and that heart was touched. I found you, as I thought, amiable, tender, and yet elate and gifted with no ordinary mind. . . . Now for your fortune; I write the sheer truth. . . . It could not benefit me in the slightest degree. . . . To eat and sleep in that house, and nominally to call it mine —these could only be objects for a penniless adventurer. Was this an inducement for me to sacrifice my sweet liberty? . . . No; when, months ago, I told you one day that there was only one link between us, I felt that my heart was inextricably engaged to you. . . . From that moment I devoted to you all the passion of my being. By heavens, as far as worldly interests are concerned, your alliance could not benefit me. All that society can offer is at my command. I can live, as I live, without disgrace till the inevitable progress of events [*mark, here, the Man of Destiny*] gives me that independence which is all I require. I have entered into these ungracious details because you reproached me with my interested views. . . . Not all the gold of Ophir should ever lead me to the altar. Far different are the qualities which I require in the sweet participator of my existence. My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love. . . . Triumph—I seek not to conceal my state. It is not sorrow, it is not wretchedness, it is anguish, it is the *endurance* of that pang which is the passing characteristic of agony. . . . My heart outraged, my pride wounded, my honour nearly tainted. . . . Farewell. . . . For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle, but the time will come when you will sigh for any heart that could be fond. . . . then you will recall . . . the passionate heart that you have forfeited and the genius you have betrayed."

It shows a self-centred sensitiveness worthy of "Count Alarcos." Her answer was immediate:

"For God's sake come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will answer all you wish. I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money. I received a most distressing letter, and you left me at the moment, not knowing. . . . I have not been a widow a year. . . . I am devoted to you."

Could the Infanta Solisa have done more? Mrs. Wyndham Lewis did—she made a *précis* of contrasts between their respective characters which is not the least remarkable piece of new matter in the book. Suffice it here to say that she finds him with "no self-love," "no vanity," but "conceited"; never "irritable," yet "bad-humoured"; "very calm," with "manners grave and almost sad"; "very patient, very studious, very generous"; "often says what he does not think"; "it is impossible to find out who he likes and dislikes from his manner. He does not show his feelings"; "seldom amused"; to be depended on to a certain degree (while she is "not to be depended on"); "his whole soul . . devoted to politics and ambition;" "a genius." Nor should it be omitted that Mrs. Disraeli was deeply attached to the blind old father and the gifted sister at Bradenham. These are the gentler voices.

"Genius" includes those creative and intuitive powers and that commanding will which this decade developed both in life and literature. It brought him into relation with repeated crises—those social and intellectual upheavals which had so long simmered under the smooth film of stock shibboleths. What distinguishes his attitude towards them is his vision and prevision, his absolute disregard of unessentials, an imagination that not only read but made the future, and the natural derivation of outlook and faculty from a temperament steeped in the atmosphere of history and inheritance. We watch the dramatic moment of his maiden speech, so well given here—one of those half-failures on which he founded his triumphs; and four years later, when a great occasion arose which was grudgingly denied to him, we again watch him sighing to his wife of the isolation forced on all but the oligarchs by Peel's political absolutism. This, however, was ere the group of "Young England" had gravitated to enthusiasm Disraeli and his convictions on the "Condition of England" question in town and country. And as we watch him the "man of destiny" rises always before us, rehearsing the dreams of his boyhood in tones of soliloquy, and translating them into deeds, after long broodings, by a certain spring of spirit suddenly set in motion. "Alroy," that early romance, which with "Contarini," (and much later "Tancred"), holds the core of his being, contains a characteristic passage in this connection:

"A great career, though baulked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy. Failure, when sublime, is not without its purpose. Great deeds are great legacies, and work with wondrous usury. By what man has done we learn what man can do, and gauge the power and prospects of our race."

This, published in 1833, finds its echo in that inspiring speech of 1844 which he delivered to the "trustees of

posterity" at the Manchester Athenæum, and which, oddly enough, escapes the pages under review:

" . . . They (the youth of Cottonopolis) will be called upon to perform duties—great duties. I, for one, wish . . . that they may be performed greatly. I give to them that counsel which I have ever given to youth, and which I believe to be the wisest and best. I tell them to aspire. I believe that the man who does not look up will look down; and that the spirit that does not dare to soar is destined perhaps to grovel."

The time came when they had to hear him, and not only at St. Stephen's, as one who, though a clear-sighted leader and scathing satirist, was at root a dreamer and a seer—one to whom the brilliant George Smythe addressed the homage—as we here first learn—of "Thank God, I have a faith at last!" It was after "Coningsby": "I never read anything, thought of anything, felt anything, believed in anything before."

There was much warm blood in Disraeli's romantic irony, and Mr. Monypenny has granted his "remarkable power of entering into the lives and feelings of the poor." There is no doubt now as to Disraeli's zeal for the betterment of toil—ever through social sympathy (*noblesse oblige*) rather than by the rigid constraint of "State" patterns. His love of the people was never socialistic, and ever he wished to plant the cutting of democracy on the soil, to nationalise and naturalise it, instead of assimilating it to the detached democracy of the Continent. Indeed, he always viewed everything from the standpoint of national character expressing itself in infinitely expansive institutions, and he detested the class legislation of demagogues. He dared Peel's displeasure by twice avowing a sympathy with the Chartists, though never with Chartism, and in the mid-'forties, too, he deprecated the Government's harshness. These ideas he was to pursue persistently in the 'fifties, though even now they found expression in relation alike to social reform and to the Corn Laws. Both for him were problems not so much economical as national and social. He had opposed the new Poor Laws so early as 1832 and had even then been warned to hold his peace if he wished to succeed.

Benjamin Disraeli, 1840.

From a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A., at Hughenden. From "The Life of Lord Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

Now, again, both on this matter and on factory legislation he displeased Peel by voting in the tiny minority. So with Ireland, which he understood by an historical and temperamental intuition; and it could have been wished that a passage from the greatest of his Irish speeches had been cited which explains his retort to Gladstone's ironical praise of it some twenty-four years afterwards. Gladstone was now his "right honourable friend," a trusted prop of Peel, who had so much private principle and so little public pity—the pink of mercantile *prestige*, the man of ledgers out of gear with the man of letters, whose "element of wayward fantasy in character" Mr. Monypenny seems to have regarded as almost a moral weakness.

Disraeli created a new *genre*, not only the political but (as is readily forgotten) the social novel. Everyone will remember the countless passages in "Sybil" and "Coningsby" that at once embodied and inspired the attitude of "Young England"—for an attitude it was and not a system. While the Whig magnates with their tail of Manchester utilitarians and radical capitalists upheld *laissez faire*, "Young England" raised a desired protest that has borne fruit:

"There is no subject," he said, in a speech at Shrewsbury, in 1844, which Mr. Monypenny has done well to rescue, "There is no subject in which I have taken a deeper interest than in the condition of the working classes. Long before what is called the 'Condition of the people question' was discussed in the House of Commons I had employed my pen on the subject. I had long been aware that there was something rotten in the core of our social system, that . . . while wealth was increasing to a superabundance . . . the working classes, the creators of wealth, were steeped in the most abject poverty and gradually sinking into the deepest degradation."

There is no space to detail or even sketch the steps of what may be called the duel between him and Peel. It was not till after 1843, when he clearly discerned the symptoms of a preparation (as of yore) for a change of front, that he ceased to support one who had convinced himself of his monopoly in a revolution against which he had been sent to power. And then, as he was to be reminded, Disraeli began by giving a silent vote. In the February of 1844, Peel had actually complimented Disraeli on his Irish speech, and his sister wrote to Disraeli's wife that she wished:

"The next time Mr. Disraeli sees my brother he would put out his hand to him. They are both reserved men and one must make the first advance; the other would accept it most gladly."

Mr. Monypenny has hinted a doubt. I agree. The conflict was inevitable. It was one of temperaments, outlooks, destinies, circumstances, ambitions. One by one those dashing philippics followed, at once brilliant and solid, that convulsed the country, and, though the Bill was carried, annihilated the dead Conservatism for which Peel stood. Disraeli foresaw, as the author well shows and illustrates, the dangers of over-competition and the probable results of a transfer of power. Every word has proved prophetic. He always maintained that to withdraw protection without alleviating burdens would dislocate labour and make for Government-centralisation. He has been proved right. Disraeli did not belittle Peel's true and great powers, but he denied that one so unimaginative could ever grapple with the future, and he called him the "unconscious parent" of agitation. His long tribute and classical analysis of Peel, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," well said that the great Minister had felt at the age of sixty "that the star of Manchester seemed to rise, as it were, from the sunset of Oxford."

Much of all the episodes, and especially as to Disraeli's social outlook, is admirably rendered, but parts

of the novels seem to me to have been misunderstood and misinterpreted. I have no space for the world of wit and the wit of the world encountered in these pages, which portray the brilliant circle within which Disraeli always moved, nor for the two interesting meetings with Louis Philippe and the memorandum for the best means towards an *entente cordiale* which Disraeli drew up, and his letter to Palmerston in pursuance. Nor can more than a few lines be allowed for the "Peel Letter" episode, glanced at in passing, and handled at length elsewhere. Suffice it here to say, of the exaggerated charge in this book, that Disraeli's "falsehood in the House of Commons stands," that in the first place it has been reserved for this generation to make it, and in the second that Disraeli's cry of wounded pride in the letter to Peel, which is assumed to "solicit office," is, at the best, only partially answered by another letter which Mr. Monypenny regarded as its direct reply. This letter mainly addresses itself to circumstances of an unauthorised intermediary, and it was precisely this story that Disraeli adduced in the House of Commons in 1846 when—at Peel's taunt on his own night of triumph—he urged that the transaction never *originated* with him. Only thus much can here be condensed of an incident which needs further elucidation.

Disraeli's faults were never those of insincerity, though a mind less literal than his cannot be conceived. Rather they were those of an over-rigidity of ideas. And I may be pardoned for quoting a short summary in the miniature "Life" which accompanied a longer undertaking:

"All his faults were faults of intensity. Haunted by ideal pictures of life and destiny which he projected by an enormous will-power into action, he sometimes tended to a certain stiffness of ideas, though never to one of mere opinions. He was almost devoid of prejudice."

New Books.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S PLAYS.*

To the anxious watcher of Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic progress, it is something of a relief to learn from a note in his new volume that the three plays which it contains were not written in the order of their theatrical productions. Mr. Galsworthy's most ardent admirers must have felt considerable concern when it seemed as though the powers of the author of "Justice" had declined upon such immature stuff as "The Little Dream." Even now, we are far from feeling altogether reassured. We should have more faith in Mr. Galsworthy's artistic discretion, if we could learn that "The Little Dream" was the earliest of his dramatic adventures; written, say, at the age of nineteen; and that its recovery from the proper obscurity of its pigeon-hole was due to a momentary aberration of judgment on the part of its author. Its publication, and re-publication, however, would seem to indicate that Mr. Galsworthy still regards this, the feeblest of his offspring, with something of the indiscriminating regard of paternal tenderness. It is not because "The Little Dream" is different in kind from "Strife" and "Justice" that we feel such distaste for it. We have no wish to confine any artist within the limits of our theory of his field of activity. We should rejoice to think that Mr. Galsworthy had broken bounds, and discovered fresh woods and pastures new. But "The Little Dream" is not even good in its own kind. On reading Mr. Galsworthy's "Poems," we realised that he had been denied the faculty of expressing himself in verse; and the lyrics in "The Little Dream" only confirm us in our judgment; while the play, as a whole, convinces us that Mr. Galsworthy has no genius for fantasy. "Strife" and "Justice" are the works of an articulate imagination. "Poems" and "The Little Dream" are the works of an inarticulate fancy. Mr. Galsworthy, dowered with the greater gift, has been denied the lesser; but it is curious that the possession of the one has not discovered the absence of the other to Mr. Galsworthy himself. It is strange to think that the possessor of such a keen and incisive insight into the characters and personalities of his fellows should have so little power of self-criticism. "The Eldest Son," too, though its theme would seem to bring it well within Mr. Galsworthy's recognised province, falls far short of his best work. It is a well-made play; and has, at least, all the negative virtues; but we expect something more than good construction and an absence of theatricality from Mr. Galsworthy. The distinction of his best work lies in the intensity of his realisation of character. In "The Eldest Son," the "characters" are shadowy and sketchy to a degree. It would seem as though their author had not completely realised them, before he allowed them to set foot on the stage. "The Eldest Son" is merely honest, workmanlike, undistinguished stuff. As the effort of a younger man, we should, doubtless, have hailed it as a work of considerable promise: though, perhaps after all there is more "promise" in a work that possesses positive vices, than in one that is compact of merely negative virtues!

Photo by Hoppé.

John Galsworthy

With "Justice" we are lifted at once on to a higher plane of achievement. The construction of the play may be faulty; and the significance of its dramatic crises may

*Three Plays. By John Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

be too dependent on the operation of temporary circumstances, such as unjust laws; but, however time may "date" it, nothing can ever destroy the vitality of its characterisation: and though the passing of one or two legislative reforms may make an appendix of elucidatory notes a necessity in future editions, we confidently back Cabeson against the assault of time! It should be quite impossible to bury him under foot-notes. When he would seem to be almost snowed under, his kindly voice will be raised in its pathetic appeal to us to "all be jolly together." But our admiration for the creative genius of Mr. Galsworthy must not blind us to the danger his work runs in being so entirely concerned with the accidents of contemporary circumstance. Can a work of art, whose effectiveness is liable to be blunted by the passing of a mere Act of Parliament, justify its existence as a work of Art?

In "Justice" there is no clash of character. Falder is a man fighting a machine: and when the machine falls to pieces the conflict will need a deal of technical explanation. It is not always easy for us to re-construct imaginatively the comparatively primitive machinery against which men have had to fight in the past; but we think it would be well-nigh impossible for any one in the future to re-construct the elaborate and incredible machinery of our present day legislation.

However, it is scarcely our business to speculate on the perspicuity of posterity; and it is more to the purpose to record our profound appreciation of this intensely moving drama. We have read "Justice," again and again, and each time with a keener zest. Our only regret is that we have never had the good fortune to see it on the stage. That is a great experience in store for us. But there is one even greater which we await with equal confidence — the production of a play by Mr. Galsworthy in which the dramatic crisis is lifted high above the clash of contemporary circumstance.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

STEVENSON AGAIN.*

The publication of the Swanston Edition of R. L. Stevenson's Works is now completed by the issue of a final batch of five volumes, and those two thousand happy subscribers who doubtless regard with complacence that red-coat rank now finally mustered on the bookshelf are to be congratulated on the possession of the most comprehensive edition of Stevenson yet published. His collected work has been, and may yet again be, excelled in respect of luxurious externalities, but so far as the matter is concerned, it is inconceivable that Stevenson will ever get a more complete and satisfactory presentation. Possibly some day there may be an augmentation of his Letters, whereof a considerable body is understood to be extant that has not yet, for one reason or another, been published, but the roll of all his literary achievements is now complete, though Mr. Francis Watt, in a recent book on Edinburgh, hints at an early novel called "Maggie Arnot," concerned with the Edinburgh underworld of Stevenson's youth. It is said to have been destroyed on the advice of pious friends, and doubtless wisely. Nothing is more remarkable in the relations of the novelist and the band of literary friends and correspondents who wet-nursed his genius than the unerring judgment with which they pounced upon his failures and ruthlessly condemned them.

Two out of the five concluding volumes which now appear, enshrine the "Juvenilia" of Stevenson, a number of examples of those prankish paper-games with which he boyishly indulged himself all his days; and three truncated portions of stories for which the initial inspiration failed after a few chapters had been written. Nobody will regret now that the first juvenile essays of Stevenson have been published, though he was, himself, very apprehensive about the first suggestion to include them in the Edinburgh edition. "I see with alarm," he wrote, "the proposal to print 'Juvenilia.' Does it not seem to you taking myself a little too much as Grandfather William?" There, again, the judgment of his friends over-ruled him; the best of the "Juvenilia" was published without regard for his diffidence, even "The Pentland Rising," long previously withdrawn from circulation at his father's cost. "I abominate and reject the idea of reprinting 'The Pentland Rising'" he wrote. "For God's sake let me get buried first!" But indeed there was no reason for his sensitiveness with regard to this particular piece; "The Pentland Rising" is quite a creditable effort for a youth of sixteen. Already the touch of style was in his pen: "Poor old man!" he wrote of Andrew Murray, "he had outlived all joy. Had he lived longer he would have seen increasing torment and increasing woe; he would have seen the clouds, then but gathering in mist, cast a more than midnight darkness over his native hills, and have fallen a victim to those bloody persecutions which, later, sent their red memorials to the sea by many a burn."

"The Story of a Lie," is in some respects the least distinguished of his "contes"; it lacks his crispness and a score of his other individual qualities; it might have been done by anybody. That it was done at all is the surprising thing. He wrote it in the steerage of an Anchor liner on his way to California as amateur emigrant, weak in body and distressed in mind, having severed for the

R.L.S. spearing fish in the bow of the schooner "Equator."
From "The Works of Stevenson," Swanston Edition (Chatto & Windus).

* "The Swanston Stevenson." Vol. XXI.: "The Story of a Lie."—"The Merry Men."—"Olalla."—"Heathercat."—"The Great North Road."—"The Young Chevalier."—"Fables." Vol. XXII.: "Juvenilia," and "Other Papers."—"The Davos Press." Vols. XXIII.–XXV: "The Complete Series of Letters," edited with Notes, by Sir Sidney Colvin.—Index of Titles. 6s. net each. (Chatto & Windus.)

time the difficult paternal and filial relations which suggested the keynote of the story, and embarked upon what was unquestionably the most hazardous and solemn adventure of his life. In much better spirit, and in happier circumstances was "The Merry Men" written two or three years later at Pitlochry, the first of his tales with Scotland for the venue. No one else seems to have been much impressed with "The Merry Men" at the time of its first appearance, but the author intuitively realised that he had rediscovered Scotland and hit upon a district and an atmosphere pregnant with possibilities. "I like it much above all my other attempts at story-writing," he wrote to Sidney Colvin. "If ever I shall make a hit, I have the line now, as I believe." It remains the most striking evidence of Stevenson's skill to start a story with nothing more than a vague atmosphere to be expressed, and finish it clothed upon with the appropriate character and incident.

"Heathercat," "The Great North Road," and "The Young Chevalier," never got finished, nor even thoroughly under way, for various reasons. We lost nothing, it may be guessed, from the "petering out" of "The Great North Road" after six or seven chapters had been done; at the best it could never have been more than an indifferent piece of skeltery. "Heathercat"—suggested by some passages in "Fountainhall's Decisions" which was to have been a romance of the Cameronian days and the Darian adventure, was started in 1892, a year in which his working powers were not up to their usual mark and occasional signs of inward depression began to appear in his correspondence. It looks as if he were now paying the penalty for his Samoan Abbotsford and flurried attacks upon too many schemes at once. He had half a dozen stories on the stocks. Power lies in concentration. At all events "Heathercat" remains a torso, also "The Young Chevalier"; those fragments we could have cheerfully done without to secure a completed "Weir of Hermiston."

For the first time in any completed edition, the Vailima Letters and the Letters of Stevenson to his family and friends are brought together in their proper chronological sequence. Of the peculiar and abiding charm of them—the philosophy, the humour, the self-revelation of them—every reader of Stevenson is gratefully aware. They enormously aid in the conception of his character and aims as a man of letters, and so are an essential and appropriate culmination to the Swanston Edition.

NEIL MUNRO.

POETRY.*

One of the most interesting books before me is the one bearing the name of Tennyson. Not that Mr. Tennyson achieves a great deal; for when he is most perfect he is usually least original, as, for example, in "Aspirations":

"For that Thou pointest further still
Than that dumb hand upon the hour,
Nor givest the boon to sap the will,
I thank Thee, wise and tender power.

"For that Thou givest my soul some pride,
Not grudging sorrow for a mate,
For this my wild and lovely bride
I thank Thee, just, compassionate.

"For that Thou givest my soul some strength
Of that high strength which rules the stars,
To brave the time and wait the length,
I bless Thy name and kiss my scars."

In his more characteristic poems, which are in the main narrative, his touch is more uncertain and the final impression less definite. In fact it is impossible without a multitude of quotations to say what it is that at once disappoints and promises in this book. But one thing is certain, that Mr. Tennyson has a natural bent which only poetry can satisfy. He has character and original colour. He has also a gift of words and rhythms, which almost always saves him both from commonplace and from artificiality. A few harsh inversions only mar a style of unusually easy vocabulary and construction. The difficulty is that it too seldom culminates unless with the help of a tale, often a moral tale. When his temperamental lightness—at present often taking the form of flightiness—really gets free expression Mr. Tennyson may be expected to do remarkable things.

Another poet who often emerges from his words as if peering out at us between them is Mr. James Guthrie, who has just published a new instalment of "The Elf." This is a book of prose and verse and drawing by himself, which he has issued in parts for several years. The pictures instantly announce a distinct individuality, a distinct and rare beauty, which has now reached a masterly expression. The poems are more shy but reveal again and again in moments of delicious accent the same individuality and beauty.

Neither Mr. Guthrie nor Mr. Tennyson quite represents himself in words. Mr. Alfred Williams does still less: he uses them only as counters which are clearly only a nominal equivalent of the ecstasy and aspiration behind them, of that experience of life on the downs, in a Wiltshire village, and by a Swindon forge, which enables him to say:

"I have drawn a strange breath, I have smelt life with my nostrils,
I have imbibed secrets, I have drunk at the well of mystery;
I have seen Beauty playing with her sisters under the trees in the meadows,
And naked Love, purer than a lily, bathing in the sunlight . . ."

His work at its best has the passionate, throbbing purity of the later Richard Jefferies; but with a quieter sensuousness and a metrical resemblance to Whitman and the Blake of the Prophetic Books. His "winter," one of the completest of his poems, is like a mediæval Celtic poem of description and reflection. One verse of one poem, "After the Rain," shows at once what he feels and what he can express:

"After the rain,
The hills show brighter, their green slopes,
Washed with the essence, purer, clearer,
Are lovelier, sweeter, plainer, nearer,
Life stirs within us, and our hopes
Kindling in the heart and brain,
Forthwith a rosier colouring assume,
Earth is studded o'er with bloom,
Young we grow, we know not how,
Banished every toil and pain,
As we see the red sun dipping,
O'er the meadows tripping, tripping,
After the rain."

As he says himself, nobody will go to him for "tricks of fancy and unnatural thought," but for natural desires and satisfactions or rather, an inadequate, but not deceptive, equivalent of them in verse.

Mr. Gurdon has a much more assured style, but though professedly a poet of passion he is less individual. Mr. Gurdon has already written a tragedy on the lines of "Atalanta in Calydon" and includes in this volume a "prologue written for the commemorative performance at the Lyceum Theatre of "Atalanta in Calydon," April 4th, 1911." As might therefore be expected words are for him

* "A Legend of Old Persia and other Poems." By A. B. S. Tennyson. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)
"The Elf: A Magazine of Drawing and Writing." By James Guthrie, of Flansham, near Bognor. 21s. net.
"Nature and other Poems." By Alfred Williams. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
"Enchantments." By John Gurdon. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
"Exodus, and other Poems." By Martin D. Armstrong. 1s. 6d. net. (Lynwood.)
"Egypt and other Poems." By Francis Coutts. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
"A Dream of Daffodils." By H. D. Lowry. Arranged for Press by G. E. Matheson and C. A. Dawson Scott. 2s. 6d. (Glaisher.)
"King Fialar." By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated by Eirikz Magnusson. 5s. net. (Dent.)
"The Poem Book of the Gael." Selected and Edited by Eleanor Hull. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
"Shepherd Songs of Elizabethan England: A Pastoral Garland." By Adelaide L. J. Gosset. 5s. net. (Constable.)

a lordly decoration of thought and feeling. He seeks not to communicate something but to create certain profound simple impressions, as of farewell, of despair, of satiety, etc. He attains a level of excellence, but not many days after reading:

"Close nestle my lips in the curve of your throat
Where sweet fragrances dwell as of amber, or seem
As the scent of the moon-coloured lilies that float
On the waters of dream . . ."

it will be difficult to distinguish it in memory from other work of this class.

Mr. Armstrong has similar aims but a more diffuse manner and fewer cries of agony and despair. He aims at a legitimate but not quite relevant or necessary grandeur, and for the present succeeds best in this sonnet on "The Temples at Paestum":

"Stranded like wind-calmed galleons on the plain
They lie between the mountains and the sea,
Where pilgrim years bring gifts of sun and rain
To Peace, twin-sister of Eternity.

"There among fields of deathly asphodels
They stand serene: the ignoble and the vain
Passed with their makers: still within them dwells
Mankind's divinity that shall remain.

"Civilization, kingdoms, centuries,
Life, death and love, ambition and despair,
Passing, as empty barges down a stream,
Leave them august, like sleeping deities.
Nature herself, the ageless, ever fair,
Has aged and sunk into a broken dream."

It is as difficult to be original as it is to be quite sincere in this strain, but there is a genuine enthusiasm in Mr. Armstrong for the sea, for antiquity, for the wind, for revolt, for J. S. Bach, which makes it a pleasure to meet his book.

Mr. Coutts also is of this class and has already achieved things which he cannot hope to surpass without a rebirth. He never pretends to regard words as mere counters. The word "incomparable," e.g., is a good thing in itself to him, or he would not say:

"In that incomparable day,
The time of strong impetuous youth."

The three epithets convey only Mr. Coutts' admiration of youth and do not distinguish him from the multitude who agree with him. His new book is an admirable series of similar grand draperies cast over thoughts and fancies of no extraordinary kind.

H. D. Lowry's fame does not gain by the publication of these "last poems," but the many admirers of "The Hundred Windows," will be glad to have the portrait and Mr. Edgar A. Preston's memoir of the author.

Runeberg's poem is a long simple narrative in ballad style and with a ballad subject. Mr. Magnusson's translation reveals the heroic skeleton of it, but being in verse, and that not masterly, it cannot do much more. A prose rendering must have proved far more valuable. At the same time the poem is powerful enough to penetrate any disguise and it can be read through at a sitting with pleasure.

Miss Eleanor Hull, the editor of "The Cuchullin Sign," etc., has drawn upon great and abundant treasures for this new anthology of Irish Gaelic poetry. The verse translations are by a number of distinguished men, living and dead, but I could wish they had all been in plain prose, which is always capable of revealing the native sweetness and strength of Irish lyric, as Messrs. Kuno Meyer and Douglas Hyde have testified. But there is no anthology half as welcome as this is, and none so necessary.

The same cannot be said of "Shepherd Songs." It was not a necessary thing to do, but by bringing together "workaday," "holiday" and "passionate" shepherds it may further in some degree the true understanding of the pastoral convention. It includes a number of beautiful things in a form suitable for presentation.

EDWARD THOMAS.

TOBY'S SECOND INNINGS.*

"Toby M.P.'s" second instalment of reminiscences will attract a wide circle of readers who remember the flavour of the first instalment. Those who have their doubts as to the capacity of the genial showman for collecting a troupe equal to his first one may be at once reassured. It is true there are some dull shows among the many engrossing "turns." There are even some repetitions. We hear twice over how much Mr. W. H. Smith would have given to be able to resign the Leadership of the House, and the circumstances of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation are hammered into us relentlessly. There is, too, some little lack of the sense of proportion. We experience scarcely a flutter of interest in the discussion whether Mr. Gladstone did right to resign, when he was beaten in the elections after the first Home Rule Bill. And, speaking

Sir Toby, M.P.

By E. T. Reed.
Reproduced from *Punch* by permission of the Proprietors.
From "Forty Years in the Wilderness," by Sir H. W. Lucy. (Smith, Elder.)

generally, it may be said that the political side of the reminiscences is the least interesting.

Yet even here there are not wanting those suggestions and half revelations which are so genuinely and appetisingly tantalizing. Those who are not in the secret would give much to know who the distinguished lady was, who, meeting Lord Randolph in St. James' Street, when he thought the Cabinet would be driven to ask him to withdraw his resignation for want of a successor, put the very pertinent question: "What about Goschen?" Who again was it who "wore the cornflower of a chequered life?" In a lesser degree our curiosity is piqued as to the identity of the

* "Forty Years in the Wilderness. More Passages by the Way." By Sir Henry W. Lucy. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

young lady who sang before Queen Victoria and reduced her to tears with a rendering of "The Wearin' of the Green." This anecdote perhaps exhibits the remembrancer at his best, for here he is in a position to correct a popular version of a story.

Although Lord Charles Beresford is now a parliamentarian, he "was not ever thus." The main current of his life has given St. Stephens a wide berth. There is no inconsistency then in asserting that a volume which is weakest on its parliamentary side is strongest in its stories of the breezy Admiral. We seem to be back in "Tom Cringle's Log" when we read of the jolly midshipman, as he was then, lassoing the legs of the conductor in a Peruvian opera house, as the said legs depended through the ceiling into the room below. Very characteristic, too, of the Admiral is his message from Gibraltar in reference to the passing of Rodjestvensky's fleet after the Dogger Bank outrage: "Most awkward mistake: awfully sorry. Have blown up the Russian Fleet: thought they were trawlers." But the hero of these stories is exhibited in his most delightful mood by the narrative of his dealings with the rogue "Tom Fat." That narrative deserves a place in all collections of tales for the inspiration of youth.

A somewhat unusual aspect is placed upon the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares, and if this version is correct, which we have no reason to doubt, Mr. Greenwood will be compelled to share the honour usually bestowed upon him with a certain banker. Exception may perhaps be taken to the tone of one or two references to Queen Victoria, and no good purpose is served by revising public house gossip to the detriment of Lady Beaconsfield. It must be allowed, however, that Sir Henry Lucy by no means confines his criticisms to those persons who are not of his way of thinking. Mr. Labouchere's reputation, for example, will certainly not be enhanced by these reminiscences. A professional plotter and mischief-maker, as the author represents him, may be possessed of all kinds of personal virtues, but those who have the best interests of their country at heart will be slow to award him a niche in the National Valhalla. But as we implied before, it is something of a relief to get away from the close atmosphere of the House of Commons, and to feel ourselves transported to the windy wastes of Kurdistan, there to behold Mr. Palgrave, the explorer, furtively stealing out of his tent at night to eat the sacred onions. Even a particularly gruesome and unusual ghost story seems to have more reality and kinship to life than these intrigues at St. Stephens.

W. A. F.

SCOTTISH HISTORY.*

The author of this attractive volume came to Scotland many years ago as ignorant of the history as he was of the countryside. In the spirit of inquiry he has wandered down many by-ways of romance, plucking here and there such flowers as took his fancy.

In "By-paths of Scottish History" Mr. Barbé has chosen a somewhat unfortunate title, since, out of twenty papers, six are devoted to that most unhappy of queens, Mary Stuart, and her four Marys, and another to her son, James VI. The contents of the book otherwise are sidelights on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and when writing on such subjects as "The Isle of May," "The Invasion of Ailsa Craig" and "The Old Scottish Army," Mr. Barbé is entertaining, while in "Maister Randolphe's Fantaisie" and "The Song of Mary Stuart" he is more than a pleasant companion. From the point of view of historical importance the last paper is the most valuable in the book and deserving of our attention. That "The Song of Mary Stuart" was not the work of the Queen has long been suspected for a variety of reasons, but that Brantôme should have composed it, and hidden his identity, may be claimed as original.

The sketch devoted to Queen Mary and her great beauty will appeal to every sympathiser with that most romantic of women. The author has examined several hundred engravings of the Queen and expresses disappointment with all. But that problem must ever remain a mystery, and certainly the Morton portrait at the beginning of the book only deepens our perplexity, for who would have the courage to say that the Queen who broke so many hearts was not beautiful?

Here is a brief and touching paragraph of her last hour. "According to one account the Queen of Scots wore black, according to another auburn ringlets, on the morning of her execution. Both, however, agree in this, that when the false covering fell she appeared as grey as if she had been sixty and ten years old."

She was also "of a full figure, and became actually stout in later life"; so stout, that she had "a double chin."

One would prefer to pass on and retain the fairer, timeless picture of her buoyant youth, like a flower in the grey soil of Scotland, and remember her great spirit and how she wept (she often wept) that she could not lie out on the bare ground like the men.

In the sketches of her four companions, the famous Marys (two of whom, Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton, should be rightly called Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone), Mr. Barbé has treated each character separately, and has taken us beyond history into the solitude of their future, when the Queen had gone to England and when clouds gathered, only too soon, about their happiness. Old age brought as little peace to some of the Marys as to their fair mistress.

Of the remaining papers, such as "Riotous Glasgow," "Edinburgh and Her Patron Saint" and "Loretto," there is little to be said. They are slight sketches on obscure subjects, mere fleeting footnotes to local history, more suited for a periodical than the greater dignity of such a large and elegant volume as this.

The last article, "The Story of the Long Tail Myth," must feel considerably lost in its present company. Despite Mr. Barbé's sturdy defence of its presence, we are convinced that by no conceivable by-path, no matter how secret, could it be traced to Scotland. However, we do not wish to cross swords with the author over that, as—with the exception of "The Song of Mary Stuart"—it is perhaps the most absorbing and enticing of his wares.

In short, this is certainly a book to read. In the making of such books as this only such writers as Andrew Lang know the qualities that are indispensable, but one would imagine that a combination of expert research and a glowing pen go a long way.

And Mr. Barbé has the sympathetic mind. Were he to retrace his footsteps (we speak only in metaphor), and follow the Scot in France, who knows what might not come to light? He is peculiarly suited for such a study, where his nationality and his knowledge of Scottish History should prove an invaluable alliance.

F. W.

* "In By-paths of Scottish History." By Louis Barbé. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

THE MODEL EMPLOYER.*

Professor Ashley says rightly that the experiments described in this book are "full of valuable suggestion"—to the business man, and no less to those who look to the State, or to the great union or Syndicate as the future ruler of industry. Bournville, for it is of Bournville Mr. Edward Cadbury writes, is one of our present day models of industrial organization an example of what may be done when the aim of the employer is "a combination of business efficiency together with an all-round development of the workers as individuals and citizens." The success on the business side is easily proved. In 1880 the number of employees was 303, at the end of 1911 it was 6,182. That "the loyalty of the worker to his own class and its organizations" has not been lessened in the Bournville "atmosphere and spirit of co-operation and good-will," we take for granted since trade unions are encouraged by the firm. Mr. Edward

* Experiments in Industrial Organization. By Edward Cadbury. With a preface by W. J. Ashley, Ph.D. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

Cadbury, indeed, notes that there is a distinct "improvement" in trade unionism:

"The better education of the employees is beginning to have its effect. There are now in the works strong branches of various unions, and the membership is increasing steadily. This sign of awakening industrial consciousness is found also amongst the girls, and a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers has been established."

We have not space here to describe all that is told in this book. People who really want to know what can be done in these days of keen foreign competition and "social unrest" by an enlightened captain of industry must read "Experiments in Industrial Organization" for themselves. They will not be disappointed. For whether it is the selection or the education of employees, the discipline of the works, the methods of remuneration and organization, the provisions for health and safety, or the industrial conditions that are explained, it is all of interest, informing and illuminative.

THE WORLD'S END.*

From Pole to Pole—so long a household phrase with us—will, apparently, soon be Mr. Amundsen's designation. Even in these days of wonderful transit it seems to be almost unbelievable that one man should go so far, should compass the whole, wide world. "Intrepid Explorer" has lost the grip, the sense of its old meaning. We want a new term, a stronger phrase for these Amundsens, Shackletons, Scotts, Pearys and their kind. For what can now be expected from the latest Pole-discoverer but that he will reach the most northerly point of this planet just as he and his companions have gained the most southerly; although, decidedly, not with the same comparative ease and certainty, because the varying conditions make that impossible. We must remember that it was Roald Amundsen who, five years ago, in the *Gjoa*, a 47-ton cutter, issued from a successful attempt at the North-west Passage, after centuries of failure by other and none the less determined and capable men in far larger and better equipped vessels. And—just a human point in passing—as the *Gjoa* was making for Bering Straits, her labours done, her triumph achieved, she met the *Duchess of Bedford*, under the command of Ejnar Mikkelsen, going into the Arctic on a similar errand, never to come out again. Not one scrap to belittle his rare ability, his keen foresight and preparation for possible difficulties he has enjoyed enviable good fortune in his ventures—"the best of luck" he calls it; and it is for these several reasons that we think he is so likely to be successful in the north.

Roald Amundsen.

From "The South Pole," by R. Amundsen (John Murray).

For the present, however, we have to consider him as the discoverer of the South Pole, and this record of how he and his four companions travelled over the ice and the mountain chains from the Great Barrier to the Pole and back, makes vigorous, inspiriting reading. Yet whatever a man's action may be, daring and great or little and cowardly, we always like to know what he is behind them, apart from them, in addition to them; and here is a sidelight on the man whom all the world of explorers and adventurous spirits generally will ever somewhat envy for his two history-making exploits:

"Here I am, sitting in the shade of palms, surrounded by the most wonderful vegetation, enjoying the most magnificent fruits, and writing—the history of the South Pole. What an infinite distance seems to separate that region from these surroundings! And yet it is only four months since my gallant comrades and I reached the coveted spot. *I* write the history of the South Pole! If anyone had hinted a word of anything of the sort four or five years ago, I should have looked upon him as incurably mad. And yet the madman would have been right."

Yes; but it must be borne in mind that four or five years ago the South Pole had not entered into Roald Amundsen's plans and purposes. He, of the north, was for the north and the north only. He has, in a sense, merely stepped out of his own chosen track to do this "great adventure" by the way—to take it from under the noses of other men who had made it their particular purpose. And there lie the irony, the daring sport, the chagrin, and that masterly courage and success which we all applaud. In his own words, he went south to get north; that is in order to secure the support of the Norwegian people and authorities for his proposed four or five years' current recording drift across the Arctic, with a great effort to reach the Pole in the course of it, he just ran down south, packed his sledges, put on his skis, hurried out to the Pole and came home again. So that if they do not now fit out his expedition as such a one was never before fitted out—well, if they don't, Roald Amundsen ought to change his flag.

As to the hardships, the terrors and the well-nigh overwhelming desolation of such a venture. Does any sane person need to be told about them here? Even if the least adequate justice could be done to them in a review, where the purpose is to give an idea of the whole, rather than to single out a feature that is, after all, only a portion. One is thrilled—no other word will fit—by the dash and go over the mountain passes, 11,000 feet high, ice-bound and often smothered in blinding snow, or sleety hail; just as one feels the party's pleasure and comparative ease of mind to be away again on the farther plateau, heading for the Pole, with now happily, but unknown to the voyagers, no more great ascents to scale laboriously. Then the triumph of that last observation, taken and checked again

* "The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the *Fram*, 1910–12." By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. In Two Volumes. £2 2s. net. (John Murray.)

and again for accuracy's sake, 90° south! The Pole! Yet all up to this so plainly set down—no flow of words, no picture making, no deviating from the subject; and still the record is not a barren one. Simple and matter-of-fact, as ever are the man-of-action's records of his own share in deeds that thrill the world of humanity, the story is told with that oneness of view which has made the best in all our literature of things done. Then there was the good-bye to "Polheim," the Pole camp:

"It was a solemn moment when we bared our heads and sai l farewell to our home (the tent) and our flag."

So to the joy of the homeward run to "Framheim" (the "home" built of a shed and ice-chambers, containing the "Crystal Palace," on the Barrier, near the *Fram's* anchorage); when the ski-runners of the party became so hungry that they "would have swallowed pebbles without winking." Then amongst the mountains again, and we are permitted to see some of the glories of the scene, as the leader of the party stands at the opening of his tent, at one o'clock in the morning; when the sun, away over the Pole nearly, makes the snow-clad peaks glisten as if they were polished, while the lower portions throw dark shadows that make a powerful contrast, and over all there is the wonderful, awesome silence, of treeless, frozen solitudes—all the more wonderful because it has the strange power to draw men back to it and its terrors.

Next came the descent to the lower plateau, the far edge of which was the Barrier, and there "Framheim." Says the leader:

"The going was precisely the same—loose, fairly deep snow. We went quite easily over it, however, and it was all downhill. On the ridge where the descent to the glacier began we halted to make our preparations. Brakes were put under the sledges, and our two ski-sticks were fastened together to make one strong one; we should have to be able to stop instantly if surprised by a crevasse in going. We ski-runners went in front. The going was ideal here on the steep slope, just enough loose snow to give one good steering on ski. We went whizzing down, and it was not many minutes before we were on the Heiberg Glacier."

Another descent, and they were on the Barrier plateau, in 85° 5′ south, with eleven dogs left—out of about fifty—to draw the three sledges containing provisions for thirty-five days, "the dogs looking just as well as when we left Framheim"; and down came a blizzard, with a great crevasse straight across their path somewhere ahead.

"The snow was very deep and loose, and the going very heavy. Fortunately we were warned in time of our approach to the expected cracks by the appearance of some bare ice-ridges. These told us clearly enough that disturbances had taken place here, and that even greater ones might be expected, probably near at hand. At that moment the thick curtain of cloud was torn asunder, and the sun pierced the whirling mass of snow. Instantly Haussen shouted: 'Stop, Bjaaland!' He was just on the edge of the yawning crevasse."

Such, not omitting the delightful "Day at Framheim," were some of the items in the discovery of the South Pole. And Mr. John Murray has done fine justice to his share of letting the world know, and having a lasting record, of how it was all done.

J. E. PATTERSON.

WILLIAM SHARP.*

Mrs. William Sharp, in her edition of her husband's writings, has certainly kept the best until the last. These "Vistas" contain the most notable work, in creative literature at any rate, which he produced under his own name. It was almost inevitable that these dramatic studies should have been compared with the earlier plays of Maeterlinck. The two men were trying to produce similar effects by similar methods. But, as it happened, Sharp had no knowledge of the Belgian poet's work when he wrote some of them, and they are all quite personal and characteristic. The best of them are masterpieces of suggestion. They display Sharp's feeling for the supernatural and the mysterious at its most effective, and the economy which the form imposes curbs that fluency which was the defect of his undoubted command of language. The finest of them is "A Northern Night," in which the unseen presence of death is really powerfully indicated. Others, such as "The Passion of Père Hilarion," are spoilt by too much insistence. This was Sharp's great fault. The Pre-Raphaelite influence, working on a natural facility, produced a love of detail and description which is in the result too often wearisome. It has this effect in the majority of the stories and studies which complete the present volume, though "The Gypsy Christ" is not without power and fascination.

This readiness of pen had, of course, its advantages. Not only did it enable Sharp to live on what, if it was largely journalism, was at any rate connected, and quite worthily connected, with the literature which he loved; it also saved him from the necessity of deliberately writing below himself. Many men, working slowly at some cherished work of art, have the torture and mortification of at the same time turning out much bad stuff because they cannot write both well and fast. Sharp, with his fluency, could always keep up to, or near, his own average. He neither made his fortune nor produced a masterpiece, but he managed to succeed at once in the ideal and the commercial walks of letters in a way which is only too rare. How he did it is the subject of his wife's "Memoir," which was published last year and is now reissued in two volumes uniform with the collected works.

It is a book of considerable value to the student of later nineteenth century literature. Sharp knew everyone and corresponded with everyone. Nevertheless, the best reading will be found in the earlier pages, before he had settled to the literary career and made his name. To this period belong some good stories. His own description of his first day at school is delightful.

"On the very day of my arrival a rebellion had broken out, and by natural instinct I was, like the Irishman the moment he arrived in America, 'agin the Government.' I remember the rapture with which I evaded a master's pursuing grip, and was hauled in at a window by exultant rebels. In that temporary haven the same afternoon I insulted a big boy, whose peculiar physiognomy had amazed me to delighted but impolite laughter, and forthwith experienced my first school thrashing. Later in the day I had the satisfaction of coming out victor in an unequal combat with the heir of an Indian big-wig, whom, with too ready familiarity, I had addressed as 'Curry.' As I was a rather delicate and sensitive child, this was not a bad beginning."

It seems to be the orthodox thing for artists to be sensitive and delicate in childhood. Possibly, in the retrospect, Sharp, after many days spent among poets and poetry, was inclined to exaggerate those qualities in his own case. In spite of visions and communings with the Infinite, it can scarcely be doubted that the hero of these escapades had a fair share of health and hardihood. He ran away from school four times, and later lived for two or three months in a gipsy encampment, acquiring strange lore which he afterwards put to good use. He was a nomad by temperament, and contrived to see a good deal of the world in the course of his life: on one occasion the *wanderlust* compelled him to throw up profitable appointments in London, and to leave England.

After a voyage to Australia for the sake of his health, and various efforts to school himself to the sober ways of clerkship, young Sharp came to the conclusion that his destiny was to be a writer and (as the phrase then went) a Bohemian. He accordingly went through considerable hardships, at one time living on roasted chestnuts, but ultimately his talents brought him recognition. These were aided by the invaluable asset of self-assurance. His first interview with Rossetti was more admirable for this quality than for taste; and on one occasion he painted a book, not a word of which had yet been written, in colours so glowing that he left the publisher's office the richer by a cheque for £100. He had an extraordinary knack of getting to know people, and he soon numbered most literary men of any standing among his acquaintances. It is, however, rather a limitation that he confined his friendship

* "Vistas." By William Sharp. 5s. net. "William Sharp: A Memoir." By Mrs. William Sharp. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

so exclusively to men and women of his own or kindred professions. One feels that a stockbroker or two would have been good for him.

There are a great many letters, both written by and written to Sharp in these volumes. The latter are, on the whole, the more interesting. Some of the best letter-writers of the day were among his correspondents. Stevenson writes a note of characteristic whimsicality, enclosing two sonnets, of which I personally can make neither head nor tail. Sharp, however, likes them, and proposes to include them in an anthology which he is making; against which R.L.S. launches an amused protest. John Addington Symonds discusses verse-structure in a way which has become curiously old-fashioned. We are more interested in the matter than the manner of poetry nowadays, and it is notable that whereas when Sharp was editing volumes of "Canterbury Poets," anthologies were made on the basis of form, they are at present made on a basis of subject or mood. There is a very interesting letter from Henley, protesting against Sharp's review of his "In Hospital" and objecting especially to his use of the adjective "crude." "My method is, I know, the exact reverse of your own," he writes; and defends his own method with spirit. Pater's letters are disappointing, but there are some characteristic notes from Meredith. Part of one must be quoted: it is such ideal fare for the comic spirit.

> "I have read your book on Shelley, and prefer it, matched with the bulky. Putting out of view Matthew Arnold's very lofty lift of superterrestrial nose over the Godwin nest, one inclines to agree with him about our mortal business of Shelley."

Was the great man pulling his own leg when he allowed himself to write like this? or was his sense of humour sound asleep? Wilde is as Wildian as Meredith is Meredithian. He sends Sharp that really fine sonnet "On the Sale by Auction of Keats's Love Letters," and adds:

> "I wish I could grave my sonnets on an ivory tablet—Quill-pens and note-paper are only good enough for bills of lading. A sonnet should always *look* well. Don't you think so?"

But if Wilde too much himself may be mocked as superfine, Meredith too much himself is ludicrous.

Sharp's dual personality, and the evolution of "Fiona Macleod," is, of course, the principal motive of the "Memoir." Though by no means lacking masculine qualities, he always had a peculiar sympathy with women and a power of seeing things from their point of view. It was the growth of this, coupled with other causes,—among them the desire to express his mystical imaginings in a literature which should not be associated with his less intimate work as William Sharp—which gradually evoked the idea of the mysterious poetess who so long baffled the critics. It is remarkable how, in a gossiping world, Sharp, who also loved mystification for its own sake, contrived to keep his secret. He told it to a few friends; but when suspicions were aroused in a wider circle, he denied his identity without scruple. He even, when in considerable financial straits, let slip the opportunity of a Civil List pension because, to obtain it, a complete statement of his claim would have had to be placed on the table of the House of Commons. Before his death, he wrote notes for various friends, begging forgiveness for the deceit. Some day, perhaps, some acute critic will make an elaborate psychological study of all the available data. The result would be very valuable, for though neither William Sharp nor Fiona Macleod were writers of the highest importance, their joint tenancy of one body was an unique event.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A VETERAN SOCIALIST.*

Herr Bebel is now seventy-two, and he is still the honoured leader of the old guard of Social democracy in Germany. This first volume of autobiography tells of his boyhood and early manhood, of the controversies with the followers of Lassalle, the founding and early successes of the Social democratic party; and leaves us at the era of coercion, with Bismarck in power, in 1878. In all modesty and sincerity Herr Bebel has written of the part he has played in the building up of his party, and if the English reader gets too much of the doings of the Lassalleans and wearies of the intrigues and misdeeds of their dictator—Jean Baptist von Schweitzer—there is ample compensation in the pages that deal with the author's more personal reminiscences. In especial are the years of apprenticeship, the life as a journeyman carpenter, and the political imprisonments of interest.

In the Fortress of Hubertusburg, where Bebel—then a member of the Reichstag—had been sentenced to remain for two years for High Treason, in 1872, Liebknecht was already installed:

> "There were five or six of us altogether, and when one left the court would provide a fresh recruit. Further, there was always some student sent to the fortress for some duelling affair."

Arbitrary as the sentence seems to us, for the "high treason" was the crime of democratic propaganda on strictly constitutional lines and frank criticism of Bismarck's policy, the prisoners were recognized as political offenders and treated with every consideration. Indeed the doctor who assured Frau Bebel: "If your husband

* "My Life." By August Bebel. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A. Bebel.

From "My Life," by A. Bebel (Fisher Unwin).

gets a year in prison you may rejoice, for he needs a rest!" was probably right, so strenuously was Herr Bebel working for "the cause" at the time of his arrest. Bebel himself writes that:

"The absolute rest and fresh air (at Hubertusburg) soon put me on my feet again. . . . It was even discovered, when subsequently undergoing a medical examination, that my left lung, in which tuberculosis had eaten a large hole, had healed during my internment."

The daily routine of prison life is well described:

"We had to be ready dressed by seven o'clock, when the cells were opened for cleaning. (This was done by a so-called 'calefactor,' and prisoners had to pay for this and for the rent of their cells some 15s. monthly). In the meantime we had breakfast in the large corridor. Our friend Hirsch used to take this opportunity to play chess with another civilian prisoner, with whom he used to be continually quarrelling over the game. From eight to ten we were locked in our cells; then we took our regulation walks in the garden. From twelve to three in winter and four in summer we were once more locked up, and then took our second walk, to be locked up at five or six according to the season, until the cells were unlocked next morning. We had the right to burn a light until 10 p.m., and these hours I devoted to study."

Besides learning English and French under Liebknecht's tuition Herr Bebel during this imprisonment read largely in history, political economy, and natural science.

Not always, however, were the prison conditions so favourable as at Hubertusburg. In the end, as all Europe knows, Bismarck's policy of coercion failed utterly, and Herr Bebel in his old age has seen the party of Social democracy become the largest in Germany. J. C.

"THE PEARK."*

His Honour Judge Parry is so versatile a man that we may turn from delighting in his children's books, to a consideration of him dispensing justice from his "peark," only to recall that he is a playwright as well as an earnest advocate for certain legal reforms, and besides all these he has his enduring niche as editor of the fascinating letters of charming Dorothy Osborne. Then, too, he gave us not long ago a pleasant volume of miscellaneous essays, and now he claims (and succeeds in holding) our attention with a most engaging volume of reminiscences. The title of this book suggests that it is only concerned with the writer's experiences in Manchester, but it includes recollections of his early London life, bits about his barristerial experiences on circuit, and a miscellany of anecdotes that range far from the city in which he spent a quarter of a century and at which he now occasionally pokes fun. One of the most impressive memories of Manchester is that of its cotton-laden "lurries," and Judge Parry says that if he had had a hand in emblazoning a coat of arms he would have chosen "a lurry—not *rampant*, or *courant*, but *passant*—night and day constantly and eternally *passant*."

It was by his experience in Manchester that Judge Parry came to be an advocate on behalf of a couple of legal reforms which should be hastened by his well-informed championship. One of these concerns the judgment summons, the machinery of which means in effect the establishing of one law for the rich and another for the poor, and the other is the demand for Courts of Conciliation or Reconcilement, where the parties concerned could together discuss the matter in dispute with the judge in an informal fashion and thus often avoid the lottery of an action. The experiment seems one that needs but formulating to be tried, for it might be the production of much good, while it is difficult to see in what way it could do harm. These subjects are more or less incidentally dealt with in this delightful book, but the reader soon realises that they are matters near the author's heart, though the volume in which they occur is in the main a brightly anecdotal one. The blending of seriousness and fun is one of Judge Parry's happy characteristics as a raconteur—a blending which results in his never being either solemnly dull, or merely flippant—and it is difficult to believe that any readers will be disappointed with this record of things experienced, seen and heard by one who has not allowed a number of years on the "peark" to dull his sense of humour, the readiness of his own wit, or appreciation of the wit of other men. One anecdote, as it is that from which the title of this notice is taken, may be quoted from among the large number scattered through the book:

Shee said a witty thing to Lord Coleridge, who was puzzled with the Lancashire dialect. A witness, in describing a verbal encounter, said: "Then the defendant turned round and said if 'e didn't 'owld 'is noise, 'e'd knock 'im off 'is peark."

"Peark? Mr. Shee, what is meant by peark?" asked the Lord Chief Justice.

"Oh, peark, my lord, is any position where a man elevates himself above his fellows—for instance, a bench, my lord."

Judge Parry goes on to say that the witness had put an adjective before the word "peark" but he did not repeat it, not wishing "to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty," and adds, characteristically, the decisive judgment that "there is no cheek like the cheek of modesty."

WALTER JERROLD.

* "What the Judge Saw: Being Twenty-Five Years in Manchester. By One Who Has Done It." By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

A TRAGEDY OF FOUR.*

There are, they say, but five possible plots in the world: of these Mrs. Wharton has chosen in her latest novel perhaps the commonest of all. Yet this fact by no means detracts from the value of the story, for in her hands a *motif* taken from melodrama becomes a new thing. "The Reef" is at once a study in character contrast of the simplest kind and a revelation in spiritual tragedy of the subtlest. The subject is the contrast between apparent victory and actual defeat, for the woman who seemed to win is really the woman who lost, when laying her hand on substance she found but shadow. Incidentally, too, "The Reef" throws a searchlight on the basic difference between the way in which men and women view the ethics of love adventure.

George Darrow, on his way to Anna Leath, is irritated by a telegram putting off his visit without excuse. By the malice of that fate which waits on weak moments he falls in with Sophy Viner, one of the thousands of women who, with their backs to the wall, are fighting poverty with no weapon of education or professional training. Darrow gives the child what she has never had before—a good time, but emerges from the affair no longer an honourable man. He becomes so much the meaner while Sophy, shallow in brain but profound in instinct, learns from it a power of nobility and sacrifice which nothing else could have taught her. A year later, when his suit of Anna Leath is on the verge of success, he finds Sophy engaged to her stepson.

It is curious to note how Mrs. Wharton deals with a situation so full of irony as this. Where, for instance, Anatole France would have laid stress on the priggish hypocrisy of Darrow, the man who is actually shocked at seeing a woman contemplate the very course of action to which he has already committed himself, Mrs. Wharton is overcome with pity for the four people concerned: for the boy who adores a girl with no love to give him, for the woman so deceived, for the girl so perplexed and the man so harassed. The situation is grimly humorous, but Mrs. Wharton fails to see this apparently. Day after day these people skate over the thin ice of revelation till the facts leap to life just because they are in the air, they cannot remain unknown. And although Sophy effaces herself, it is Anna who will always suffer, since between herself and Darrow at every simplest incident a mocking memory comes before her of the shadowy third. The final touch of satire is given when Darrow refuses to satisfy Anna's morbid curiosity, saying: "It would put something irremediable between us," when the something irremediable is already there to spoil their lives.

The colourlessness of Mrs. Wharton's style bleaches all comment from her pages: what remains therefore of satire is of the very stuff of the tale itself. Yet the work

* "The Reef." By Edith Wharton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

is unequal. Sophy and Anna live; never has the world-tossed wanderer, the smirched thing with a pure heart, been better done than in the former; never could a *grande dame* beating at the gates of life be more vivid than in the latter. But the lad Owen is a whirl of inexplicable hysteria; the man Darrow but an irritating enigma. Mrs. Wharton deals so delicately with these masculine nerves that their possessors remain but phantoms. Darrow would not have captured Anna, nor would he have held Sophy: he was not man enough to flutter the dovecotes in this fashion. It is, too, a defect in Mrs. Wharton's delicate cameo-work that her sentimental conflicts are so isolated from the workaday world. Her characters live in a vacuum. Darrow, for instance, is called a diplomat, but actually he has no trade but that of philandering. To draw people so is to botanise without recognising the soil from which a plant grows.

Yet to carp thus is rather to gird at a style of novel-writing, for the works of the high-priest of this school, Mr. Henry James, exhibit exactly the same divorce between a drama and what must have been its inevitable setting, the buying and selling, the eating and drinking, all the activities of the market place, whether of national or individual life. And if a good deal of the weird contrast of actuality is lost by this method of secluding a tragedy, at the same time it leaves more room for the subtle interplay of mind with mind which makes Mrs. Wharton's work so fascinating. We are here very near to the "psychic" drama of Maeterlinck, and within its strictly drawn boundaries "The Reef" is a very fine book.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE COMPLETE MYSTERY.*

No book of Dickens's has been more written about than "Edwin Drood," and none has been less generally read by the public at large. Even earnest and devoted Dickensians are deterred from reading it, as Mr. Cuming Walters says in his introductory chapter, "because they do not care to be tantalised by a half-told tale." The tale must always remain half-told, of course, but since some "Suggestions for a Conclusion" appeared in the *Cornhill* in 1884, a formidable number of critics have exercised their ingenuity in deducing from so much of the novel as Dickens had done a solution of the mystery that he had finished ravelling but had scarcely begun to unravel. The problem divides itself into three main questions: Was Edwin actually murdered, or had he escaped into hiding? Who was Datchery? and how had Dickens meant to pair off certain of the characters at the conclusion of it all?

The variety of solutions that have been offered bear testimony to the cunning with which Dickens had woven his plot. Following close on Dickens's death, Orpheus C. Kerr wrote a burlesque finish of the story in 1870; in the same year four articles were published in different papers making guesses at how it was to have developed; several writers published sequels to the unfinished romance, plays based upon it, and articles concerning it; then Richard Proctor temporarily laid Edwin's ghost in 1887 with his remarkable book, "Watched by the Dead: A Loving Study of Dickens' Half-told Tale." For eighteen years after that the subject was left as severely alone as if it had been settled once for all. Then, in 1905, Mr. Cuming Walters revived it, and in his "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood" ably propounded his theories that Drood was really and undoubtedly dead and that the baffling Datchery was none other than Helena Landless in disguise. A cloud of controversy rose up about him; it is amazing to read here a list of the multitude of articles and books that have been written since, some in agreement with Mr. Walter's theories, some opposed to them and setting up rival theories, each new theorist

* The Complete "Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Charles Dickens. The History, Continuations and Solutions (1870–1912) by J. Cuming Walters. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

High Street, Rochester.

From "The Complete Edwin Drood," by J. Cuming Walters (Chapman & Hall).

starting his new crowd of supporters or opponents. Last autumn Sir W. Robertson Nicoll took up the running, made an exhaustive study of Dickens's usual methods of construction, and of the characters and the fragmentary plot of "Edwin Drood" in particular, and delivered what was, in the opinion of most critics, a final judgment on the whole case. He not only acquiesced in Mr. Walters's main conclusions, but deduced from the published novel, from an examination of the original manuscript and from other sources, fresh evidence in corroboration of them, and so admittedly left nothing for further investigators to do. But Mr. Walters seems to have felt it an opportune moment to put out this final volume, which contains the unfinished novel, a lucid summary of the continuations that have been written to it and all the various essays that have been made in the solving of its uncertainties, and a very full and very interesting account of the discussion that has raged round "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" ever since Dickens made even more of a mystery of it than he had intended. Mr. Cuming Walters has done his work thoroughly and well. He has included the fragmentary chapter on "How Mr. Sapsea ceased to be a Member of the Eight Club," which was found by Forster after Dickens's death; he devotes one section to a history of the inception and writing of "Edwin Drood" and an account of the localities and characters of the novel; and another to the sequels and solutions, concluding with a large folding table in which the divers conclusions of the book are tabulated, so that one may see at a glance what theories and beliefs have been held on the points in dispute by those who have studied them. There is also a complete bibliography. The numerous illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness and the value of a book that all lovers of Dickens will welcome with both hands.

AN OLD ROMANCE.*

It is so long since Mr. Gosse's version of "Undine" was published that it comes in its present guise almost as a new venture. In any form it is heartily welcome. Discerning donors have by this already noted it and assigned copies (dare we say?) to the stockings of maidens in their early teens; and for such purposes it could scarcely be bettered.

* "Undine": A Tale by F. de la Motte Fouqué. Translated from the German by Edmund Gosse, C.B. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Its appearance prompts the remark that nothing is so dead as the average romance of former generations. For proof of this we need not go back to Don Belianis of Greece, or Palmerin of England, or the metrical romances that pass among philologists as literature; we need not go to "Arcadia," which if there have been few to praise there have been fewer still to love. We shall find the least living of books among the wild fictions that flourished in times far less remote from ours, to wit, in the great romantic outburst, of which the French Revolution is, in a sense, merely one of the incidents. To us these stories have become humorous. "Werther" suggests the lady who went on cutting bread-and-butter, rather than the youths who died in romantic imitation of the hero; and Byron himself begins to assume the proportions and character of a legend, and lives as a force and influence rather than as one whose words are vital to this generation. "Undine" is a strange survival. It is a spark, still bright, of the great romantic conflagration that blazed to its height and expired in the works of Wagner, whose machinery of giants, gnomes, nymphs, valkyries, knights in shining armour, magic rings, potions, the spell of the mountains, and the mystery of the forest, is precisely that by which the author of "Undine" sought to create his effects. Certainly not the least romantic fact about "Undine" is that it was the book Wagner was reading on the latest evening of his life.

The author himself was a romance. Handsome and well-born, his first recollection was the riding away of a magnificent officer to the wars, and his first thrill the sight of a suit of armour and a great two-handed sword. Henceforth knights in armour and magnificent steeds were his obsession, and he continued to produce in plays and stories a vast succession of heroes, who (in Heine's words) were as brave as a hundred lions and as senseless as two donkeys. Inevitably he became a soldier, and entered (of course) a cavalry regiment. He saw actual service in the Napoleonic wars and was wounded both at Lützen and Bautzen. He met and worshipped Goethe and Schiller, and was as fond of Chamisso (said a cynic) as any cavalry officer could be of one who had been in the infantry. He was (appropriately) three times married, and lived to 1843, long enough to have witnessed a new romantic revival.

He brings with him to us very little of his vast output. In even his more readable stories, like "Sintram" and "Aslauga's Knight," you will find heroines vaguer than Elsa, and heroes more monumentally priggish than Lohengrin. "Undine" alone is really alive, and even in that a modern finds himself preferring the rather Ibsenitish nymph that Undine was before she obtained her soul. Its real charm is in its sense of natural wonder—the magic of the streams and the woods. There its thrill is genuine, even though the methods and idiom are obsolete. The ride of Huldbrand through the forest is just the "Waldesnacht" of so many romantic poets, terrorless now in literature, but dark and wild as ever in the music of Schubert.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Buckingham Palace in 1790.

From "The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century," by E. S. Roscoe (Constable).

PROVINCIAL NERVE CENTRES

Under this somewhat unilluminative title Mr. Roscoe gives a few impressionist sketches of life in London and the Provinces. It must be confessed that even the best of our historians have been inclined to lay too much stress on the life in London, and Mr. Roscoe's unpretentious pages fill a distinct gap in portraying the work of other nerve centres of our national life. How little does the ordinary history tell us of Liverpool, its curious isolation from the rest of the kingdom, its dependence on the slave trade, the stream of privateers it sent out to fight American vessels in the War of Independence, or the origin of its traditional conservatism! How seldom do popular histories give a correct description of life in farm and cottage during the first half of the eighteenth century, of the two strings to every agriculturist's bow—his agriculture and his manufacture! The realisation of this fact and of our inability to reproduce it under modern industrial conditions is of no little importance in the quest for means of attracting men back to the land.

On these points, in these spheres that he makes particularly his own, Mr. Roscoe is thoroughly interesting and informing. Scarcely less clear and graphic is the contrast drawn between the middle classes of London, unemotional, tranquil, conservative, and the manufacturers who by their energy and enterprise were transforming the Midlands and the North. Equally forcible is the comparison between the shallow-brained, idle aristocrat of the Capital and such intellectual and progressive aristocrats of the Provinces as Lord Townshend, who in 1730 renounced the career of statesman for that of scientific farmer. One virtue our author does allow the noblemen of the Capital. Alone among the other classes they acquired by their study of French and their travels on the Continent a certain sympathy with other Europeans, which blossomed into an actual *entente* with the aristocracy of France, and also made the great families of England the natural leaders of their country in foreign politics.

Broad and useful as are such impressionist surveys, Mr. Roscoe descends from these heights to steer us through the streets of Bath with their superficial, inconsequential life. Such personalities too as Fanny Burney, Jane Austen and Miss Seward are graceful ornaments of the backwaters of national life, but scarcely deserve the space allotted to them in the study of the main streams of English progress. Nor does Samuel Crisp, Fanny Burney's guide, philosopher

"The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century." By E. S. Roscoe. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

and friend, seem to be quite in his element in such a wide survey. We notice too some awkward repetitions of quotations, etc., and an occasional *non sequitur*. The fact that the tenants assembled at the Hall to welcome the squire home is brought forward as an illustration of the decay of the feudal spirit, instead of its subsistence. Nor can we agree that the influence of India on the middle class "has never received due attention." Apart from these blemishes this study of the nation's progress is as satisfactory to the student as it is readable by the curious.

GITANJALI.*

We think it probable that a good many people who read Mr. Yeats' very eulogistic introduction to this volume will be rather disappointed when they come to study the actual contents. For these prose translations made by the author from his Bengali poems are clouded in a kind of rosy and gentle mysticism which will be alien to most Western intelligences. They have beauty, but it is the cold and crystal beauty of an ascetic dreamer who has cast from him all the dross of the earth. You will not find in this book the glowing pulse of the East as you will find it in the huge Indian epics, but you will find the pure, exquisite, and pensive visions of a sage. We miss, of course, the cadence of the original verse which is said to be wonderfully delicate and finished, but these translations are quite enough to show us that Mr. Tagore is a true poet. We should not have called him a great poet, but then, naturally, it is impossible to make a statement like this, knowing so little of his work and that in a translation. In India, Mr. Tagore has a reputation of an extraordinarily exalted and universal nature. His genius must indeed be the mouthpiece of a national aspiration and philosophy to have moved so profoundly a country as vast as his. But to English minds, that is to say to the majority of English minds, he would certainly appear to lack substance. He has no obvious grip on reality, without which romance itself, in our eyes, loses its real magic.

There are, in all, 103 poems in the book. They are poems about the experiences of the soul, and they have the calm perfection which might appertain, one imagines, to the outpourings of a disembodied spirit. On the whole, they have the negative rather than the positive qualities of high poetry. They are flawless, but they lack fire. They are noble, but they lack passion. They resemble, somehow, scentless white flowers, with just the tinge of colour on their petals. For they are not altogether without the vital spark, although it is very attenuated. Perhaps the most human of the poems are 10 and 30. They are well worth quoting in full :—

10

"Here is thy footstool, and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, the lowliest, and lost.

"When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, the lowliest, and lost.

"Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, the lowliest, and lost.

"My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost."

There you have the compassion of a Whitman touched by the humility of a Dostoievsky. It is a rarely beautiful idea.

30

"I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark ?

I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger ; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my Lord, he knows no shame ; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company."

There is humour in this poem, airy, bloodless, but true. As for the thought, it is one that has constantly pressed upon most of us, the thought of the double self, as it were. Poe described it in "William Wilson," Stevenson in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and now Mr. Tagore describes it in this small but very effective poem.

As can be understood, Mr. Tagore is an optimist in regard to life. His is much too simple a nature (simple in spite of the utmost cultivation) to be affected by the gloomy tendencies of the modern European mind. To him life is not full of hideous complications for which there are no solutions. His mystical acceptance of the world is far too wide for that. As he says (poem 95) :

"I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

"What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight !

"When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

"Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

"The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation."

After all, it is not perhaps surprising that a man who can picture life in such subtle and yet simple language should be a power amongst the allegorical and fatalistic races of the East.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings). By Rabindra Nath Tagore. With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats and a Frontispiece Portrait of the Author by William Rothenstein. 10s. 6d. net. (Chiswick Press.)

Frances E. Willard.

From "Frances Willard : Her Life and Work," by Ray Strachey (Unwin).

FRANCES WILLARD.*

"I started," says Mrs. Strachey, "to write this book as an outsider and a critic, as one who could judge of Frances Willard's life unblinded by loyalty or affection. But I have not succeeded. I am not an outsider any longer, but a follower and a friend." Beneath those words lies, perhaps, the secret of Miss Willard's success. It was one of personality. Quite obviously it was not so much the things she said that were impressive, but the way in which she said them. When you have reached the end of this book, if you ask yourself what was her special message to the world you cannot give any very definite answer. She preached temperance, purity, women's suffrage, philanthropy—nothing new. Nor had she anything new to say on these subjects. "She knew well enough," says the author, "that her books were horrible." Indeed it would have been surprising if they had been anything else, seeing that she once put together 650,000 words of autobiography in three weeks. And yet the Society she organised numbered its members by the million and had its branches in Japan, Spain, Syria, India, and other remote countries. Nor can its success be attributed altogether to its policy—the policy of "Do Everything," on the principle that "any amount of elbow-room is good for folks." No, the genius of the movement was Miss Willard, with her force of character, her energy and persistence, her unwavering goodness, and—her personal charm. "The first time I heard her," wrote a disciple, "I lay awake all night for sheer gladness. It was such a wonderful revelation to me that a woman like Miss Willard could exist. I thanked God and took courage for humanity." So this woman, with the simple, indefinite message given to her by her sister Mary: "Tell everybody to be good," became what it is but little of an exaggeration to call a world-force, the only woman whose statue is in the Capital at Washington. She worked whole-heartedly; and the statistics of her work form one of the most amazing portions of this book. The meetings she attended *averaged* 365 per annum. In 1881 she and her secretary sent out 10,000 letters, "and besides this she wrote many articles for the temperance papers, and made many hundreds of speeches." In 1883 she visited every State and territory in the Union, "started societies in every one of them, spoke in every town of over 10,000 inhabitants, and travelled over 30,000 miles." All this, and more, is put vividly before you by Mrs. Strachey in a candid, concise, and ably-handled biography, for which she must gain the gratitude of every one who is interested in social work, and of which not the least attractive portion is the sympathetic account of Miss Willard's earlier years in Wisconsin, first as a high-spirited girl, later as a successful school teacher.

ONLY A PROLOGUE.†

It is almost inevitable, in critical days like these, that a hero should incur a certain risk of unpopularity when he is obviously an author's favourite. Half a century ago, when the novel-reading world was more impressionable and sympathetic, Dickens played a safe card when he declared David Copperfield his favourite child. Nowadays the tendency is to be derisive, and to be suspicious of a central character who dawns upon the horizon in such a glow of prose as Madame Grand throws into her opening chapter. To do her justice, she maintains a varied eloquence and an unceasing enthusiasm for her theme through more than six hundred closely printed pages, and of the length of her project we shall have more to say presently. What is more, Adnam Pratt retains his prime importance in the centre of the scheme, and approves himself a sterling instance of the modern man whose ideas outstrip his chances and his fortunes. From the idyllic opening to the page where he walks out into the world a penniless and disappointed man, he grips us with a sense of his absoluteness and reality, and upholds the standard of character in contrast with mere opportunities and possessions as embodied in an inferior elder brother. Except that they both proceed from the same yeoman father, the position recalls the contest between the Faulconbridges in "King John," where the measly champion of primogeniture wins his suit against his brother, the man of better parts and lesser title. Shakespeare's hero won in the long run, and we may fairly augur the same of Mme. Grand's.

For this novel, in spite of its six hundred pages, is far from finished, and when we arrive at the last of the present chapters we light on the announcement, "End of Prologue." It may be that the author has relied on the average reader's habit of turning to the end first; and therefore we think that people who are proof against this amiable weakness have a technical grievance against the author. Instead of turning off an average novel of average length, she has set herself to plan an epic on the lines of "Jean Christophe," and we wish her the like success. If she can continue on the present scale, and people her canvas with characters like the Chesterfields and Colonel Mickleham, and Adnam and his father, we have no fear for the result. It will be deservedly classified as of the school of "Middlemarch," and, allowing for the difference of standard and achievement, even modified comparison like this is still rare praise.

PASSION AND FICTION.*

If the world wants a thing, you may be sure it will find someone willing to provide it. The world likes to hear of the love affairs of the great and of the notorious, and book after book has been forthcoming whereby it might satisfy its curiosity. Many will be of opinion that the subject had been sufficiently exploited. Not so Mr. Brendon, who presents us with the stories of a dozen great passions. We have no quarrel with Mr. Brendon, for his book is entirely innocuous. No stories of guilty lust does he reveal in purple passages. On the contrary, he is always strictly decorous. The only complaint to be entered against him is that he sacrifices everything to his theme, and even here we are partially disarmed by his frank admission:

> "I may be accused, or, if so, shall rightly be accused, of placing the love influence in these stories wholly out of perspective to surrounding influences. But this, of course, is unavoidable, and in making the error I maintain I have erred on the right side, for these stories do not presume in any way to be a contribution to biography; they are merely romances, romances woven around now accepted facts."

Mr. Brendon is clearly an apostle of the dangerous theory that the end justifies the means; but let him continue:

> "Hence, if they do anything to make the great persons who figure in them appear more real, more human and more comprehensible than can the calm, clear light of orthodox biography, they will fully serve their purpose, for that is their purpose—to reveal the man, not merely his career. . . . After all, the man in love almost invariably is the true man."

It is a long time since the present writer has read anything so amazing. Unless Mr. Brendon is peculiarly unhappy in his expressions, he lays it down that the task of orthodox biography is not to reveal the man, but to give an account merely of his career. Is there another man living who will support this contention? It is true that a bad biographer may not reveal the man any more than he may present an adequate picture of the career of his subject, but that is the fault of the craftsman, not of the art. Still more amazing, however, is Mr. Brendon's statement that the man in love is the true man. Such a remark argues a great courage in the writer, for the whole trend of history goes to oppose it. A man in love does things under the influence of that passion that may be vastly meritorious or utterly vile, for love brings out the best in some natures and the worst in others; but to contend

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* "Frances Willard: Her Life and Work." By Ray Strachey. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset and 8 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

† "Adnam's Orchard." By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "Twelve Great Passions." By J. A. Brendon. With Illustrations. (Hutchinson.)

that the best or the worst in man is the true man is to put forward a *reductio ad absurdum*. It might as well be postulated that a man in hate is the true man!

Mr. Brendon makes no claim to original research, and with this we have no quarrel, for the book is clearly designed, not for the student, but for the populace. Yet even in such a work there should be a respectable regard for facts, and a definite line drawn between fact and conjecture. In his story of Hannah Lightfoot Mr. Brendon states: "Undoubtedly King George III., as Prince of Wales, met her, loved her, and eloped with her." We should be glad to know on what authority Mr. Brendon makes this statement. "George loved her, loved her dearly. Of this there can be no doubt. Nor until he became king did he desert her and take to himself a royal consort. And he hated himself even then for doing so." Again we demand the authority. At the time Hannah Lightfoot married Isaac Axford the prince was fifteen years of age, and the most closely guarded of youths! There was once produced a document in which Dr. Wilmot stated that he married George to Hannah Lightfoot in 1759, and one of the witnesses to this is Lord Chatham. This document and others were produced in court in 1866. "Of course they were condemned as forgeries; the judges had no alternative," says Mr. Brendon, who informs us that a handwriting expert believed in the genuineness of the signatures. But Hannah Lightfoot, as he has said, was married to Axford in 1753, and Axford was certainly alive six years later! And is there anyone but the author of this book who can believe that Chatham would jeopardise his position by signing the marriage certificate of the heir-apparent and Hannah Lightfoot? There is, it may be admitted, much mystery concerning Hannah Lightfoot; but George was not the only lad in the world who might have taken her from her husband, and, as a matter of fact, he, on the occasion of his son's *liason* with "Perdita" Robinson, volunteered the statement that he had never been engaged in any such discreditable business. But Mr. Brendon, who hints at the dishonesty of judges, will, no doubt, scarcely hesitate to accuse the sovereign of a lie.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

SCOTTISH LIFE AND POETRY.*

It is a welcome thing now and then to get a large book, or indeed any book, without a preface. An author who disdains to explain beforehand what he intends to do is a man whose very courage is attractive. The only drawback is that unless his title is singularly precise, you are launched upon his pages without any clear notion of your course and haven; the result is, you are apt to do him an injustice by attributing to him designs which he never entertained. Mr. Watt's title is large enough, but it is vague. Life is more than poetry, and other than poetry. We can see from his three opening chapters, however, that he means to treat Scotch poetry in relation to the currents of national life, so that when we come to Thomas the Rhymer and Sir Tristrem in the fourth chapter we know where we are. This is still more clear in the succeeding chapters on the patriotic poetry of Barbour and his successors. The method of treating poetry at any period of the nation's civilization distinctively as an expression of contemporary aims and feelings has its disadvantages. It tends now and then to become discursive; poetry seems in places to be overlooked in the crowd of prosaic considerations, such as witchcraft and theological controversy. But these defects are probably inevitable, and the method itself is intrinsically correct. Burns' receipt for making poetry applies to the study of poetry.

> "The Muse, na Poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
> Adown some trottin burn's meander,
> An' no think lang."

The historian of national poetry has to frequent the streams of contemporary life in any period, "an' no think lang," even though they sometimes flow in strange directions. Unless he has patience enough to overhear the moods and movements of the people, he will often fail to understand the true meaning of this poetry. Mr. Watt has conscientiously endeavoured to follow this line, and although it fails him occasionally, as in the last chapter, it richly repays him in the earlier and stronger section of the book. The ordinary history of poetry tend to become a mere chronicle of names and dates and titles. There is something of this, now and then, in Mr. Watt's volume, particularly in connection with the minor poets whom he records so scrupulously; but generally he keeps in touch with the wider phases of patriotism and religion and social life, both in the Highlands and the Lowlands.

More might have been made, perhaps, of the epochal services rendered by a man like George Bannatyne, who rescued so many pieces from "auld and mankit" manuscripts. Next to being a poet oneself a pious care for poetry is commendable, and Bannatyne deserves gratitude from lovers and historians of Scotch verse. And why is the worthy Rob Stene unchronicled? Let us hope that Dr. George Neilson is right in identifying him with Robert Stevin who was in the king's service in 1587, and died as master of a school in the Canongate, in 1618. At any rate "guid Rob Stene" was a pretty satirist. He loathed Maitland and put his loathing into verse. The verse is more pungent than poetical. Still it is worth recalling, especially when, or if, we can associate it with a vernacular poet of Edinburgh, who was not content with writing Latin verse or teaching Latin prose.

Mr. Watt properly hails *Hamewith* as a triumph of latter-day verse in the northern dialect. It smacks of anti-climax to find the paragraph on this recent little masterpiece followed by the isolated remark that "William Cuthbertson, in ballad, sonnet and lay, characteristically dreams his quiet pictures of rural life; and, with a sweet simplicity preserves within his verse, the light of dying days." It is not merely that this sentence is inserted unchronologically, or that it is too bare to be of any value. A survey of Scotch poetry should not tail off in this fashion. *Hamewith* forms a good climax, and for once Mr. Watt has forgotten his artistic cunning in failing to see this.

The book is written with fervour. The author has evidently gone into many of the critical problems which lie scattered across his path, but his main interest is not in texts nor in prosody nor even in authorship, it is in the warmth and energy of the Scottish spirit as reflected in its poetry. Allan Ramsay he praises as the man who "vindicated poetry and the right to smile in Scotland." Even Joanna Baillie he lets down easily. "Her tragedies have been compared to Shirley's and Massinger's; but the comparison would not be made to-day." He refuses to strip King James of his traditional authorship. "The matter remains where tradition left it." But this enthusiasm for the subject has at anyrate the merit of life, and Mr. Watt's survey is touched with qualities of popular sympathy and vivacity which a more critical treatment would probably have missed. To say that we occasionally overhear the poet, the preacher, and the patriot, is not to depreciate its usefulness. There are many worse things in writing a history of poetry than the temper which has no desire to pose as an icicle or an iconoclast.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Scottish Life and Poetry." By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 12s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet & Co.)

THE NEW MOLIÈRE.*

Mr. Hyndman, in his latest "Reminiscences," wonders what Mr. Shaw might have been had his great gifts been nourished on the best cooking washed down with Burgundy born in a good year. A more difficult speculation still is to imagine the regimen that would raise the

* "The Technique of Bernard Shaw's Plays." By Augustin Hamon. Translated by Frank Maurice. 2s. net. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd.)

commentators on Shaw to the plane of even tolerable interest. Many readers will remember the desolating stream of exegesis poured out some years ago by devout Wagnerians —some backwashes of it, by the way, splash up even now, to the delight of the profane and the distress of the faithful. The Shaw stream is rapidly attaining the same proportions and the same character. Small wonder, then, that the younger generation are beginning to blaspheme openly, to pronounce him "awfully ninetyish," and to expose him as a humbug who cribbed his wit from Oscar Wilde, his views of life from Samuel Butler, and his dramatic methods from Molière.

A day or two ago a critic of this school declared to me that the only noticeable quality of Shaw was his mastery of stage mechanism. He did not explain why he and his kind will insist on talking to everybody at length about the man in whom they don't believe; but, anyhow, the judgment was remarkable. Turn to the reviews of the plays published in 1898, and you will find Mr. Shaw credited with various literary qualities, but unanimously denied the possession of the theatrical sense. One very friendly writer remarked of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" that the author had grouped together

"as much good and bad work in one book as perhaps ever was brought together in these two kinds since the printing of books began. There is a kind of play-writing which the French call 'Le Theatre Impossible,' which they print in books that make excellent reading, but which no sane stage manager would put on the boards. With one exception, Mr. Shaw's plays are of this impossible kind."

The one exception is "Arms and the Man"; for it was difficult to deny, even in those bleak days of the drama, that a thing that had already achieved a fair run was really playable. But observe: 1913 asserts that Mr. Shaw's most noticeable quality is a command of stage mechanism; 1898 asserted that Mr. Shaw's most noticeable defect was a lack of stage technique and (in the quoted instance) appealed to the French. And now here is a French critic delivering nine lectures at the Sorbonne upon the plays of this questionable person, choosing to publish one of them as a separate booklet, and selecting for that purpose a lecture devoted solely to the Molièrish technique of the Shavian drama. Thus the latest critic allows him both the literary excellences conceded by 1898 and the dramatic gifts acknowledged by 1913. Perhaps there is something in Shaw after all.

I wish it were possible to phrase M. Augustin Hamon's lecture. I hope I haven't read it with my eyes or my mind shut, for it seems to me to do little more than say that Shaw's plays are humorous because they are funny, and to support that desperate statement by solemn appeals to Bergson. Very probably it would read much better in its place among the other lectures. We shall see. Incidentally I ask whether the character called Bryan in one place, Brian in another, and clearly intended for Bohun, is a French version of the legal gentleman whom Mr. Shaw borrowed from "Great Expectations," or is merely a whim of the translators. Likewise who are "Bramsden," "Peter Kerigan," and "Judge Howard Allan?" Can the last be intended for Maud Hallam?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

SWINBURNE: A TEMPERAMENTAL STUDY.*

This book compels an interest due not merely to its author or its subject, but almost as much to the conjunction of author and subject. The most reticent, cool and wise of living critics has set himself to the "critical study" of the most impulsive and prodigal of nineteenth century poets. I am not sure that in this contrast of temperaments we do not find the most valuable aspect of the book. Swinburne has been dead nearly four years, the hour of ceremonious eulogy has passed; and we begin to ask ourselves questions which (as Mr. Thomas reminds us) are more easy than answers. Now, in fact, is the sober judicial voice heard in the land, anticipating (it may be thought) the judgment of posterity. It is Mr. Thomas's voice, the voice of a man free of illusion, a man who has never had, you think, any illusion at all concerning this poetry. Others have felt Swinburne's poetry as an intoxication, an enchantment; for Mr. Thomas there is at most a splendid incantation and a brief spell. His is the self-possession of one whose intelligence is undisturbed by passion; who has seen others strangely moved, and the singer himself most strangely moved of all; and, so seeing, has noted gravely, narrowly, wittily, the means by which the singer has called up that passionate and powerful spirit. The author of "Rest and Unrest" weighs the words of the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Tristram of Lyonesse."

Mr. Thomas's most penetrating pages are those in which he tries to divine the spring from which Swinburne's lyrical flood streams out—to explain whatever secret there may be in the means by which Swinburne achieves his indubitable impression:

Perhaps the greatest of his triumphs is in keeping up a stately solemn play of words not unrelated to the object suggested by his title and commencement, but more closely related to rhymes, and yet in the end giving a compact and powerful impression.

Of the "Elegy" on Richard Burton he writes:

Memory and thought had been awakened and excited by Burton's death, and the ordinary values of things—the tourist value, for example—had been disturbed or destroyed. His recollections of the mountains ceased to be, if they ever had been, more or less, large, disintegrated fragments of the earth and became a region of the spiritual world, mingling with other mountains, seen, read of, or imagined, coloured and changed by a hundred other images assembled at the passionate thought of death and of the past. . . . Once this paroxysm of emotional thought had begun to enter the form of—"Auvergne, Auvergne, O wild and woeful land." . . . the incalculable suggestions of rhythm began to enter and still further to convert the humorous and rational atheist. The result is, I believe, as accurate and real as a map or a guide-book, and that in spite of what, to another view, might seem words only, begotten of words.

Best of all, because a little more cordial, is the analysis of "Ave Atque Vale," ending with such cautious, acute phrases as:

The poem is not a rational meditation, but the uncouth experience of death clothed in the strangest variety of words and ideas, which results in music rather than articulate speech. Perhaps no single sentence in the poem is unintelligible to the mind any more than it is ungrammatical. But the combination is one which the mind cannot judge, though it may approve, seeing the effect, and say that it is beyond her expectation or understanding.

Even in speaking of this poem, and while acknowledging that he "cannot pretend to explain it," he goes on to show with curious precision how its effect is helped or hindered by particular words, and to say that he forbears to question as closely as he might. Frequently you are conscious of this forbearance on the critic's part, and sometimes when it is not evident you will note how easy it is for the critic to become superior to his poet, and, in his quiet, witty way, to make Swinburne appear irreflective, self-contradictory, slightly ridiculous. Witness this, among a long list of Swinburne's phrases about death and immortality:

On the other hand, saluting Baudelaire, he asked the dead if it were well, and were there flowers or fruit where he was, but concluded by bidding him be content:

For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All water as the shore.

Mr. Thomas's skill has never appeared so excellent as in brief summaries and pregnant comments of this kind.

There is another way of looking at Swinburne. When Meredith heard the news of his death he wrote to Mr. Watts-Dunton a letter, the last he ever wrote, in which he said:

"The end has come! That brain of the vivid illumination is extinct. I can hardly realise it when I revolve the many times when at the starting of an idea the whole town was instantly ablaze with electric light. Song was his natural voice. He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield.

It is rich and noble praise, struck out in the heat of intense sorrow. When all has been said that the pure

* "Swinburne." By Edward Thomas. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

intelligence (of which Mr. Thomas speaks) can devise, you are left with this: either Swinburne was no poet at all, however marvellous his gift for verse, or there is an incalculable *more*—inaccessible to pure intelligence, as secret as life itself, being indeed the life of poetry. It were a bold thing to forecast the regard in which Swinburne's immense volume of work will be held a hundred years hence; but if it survive at all—even by but a few pages of an anthology—it will be because of something rare and individual. That individual thing is the one thing that matters to us now, the one thing we secretly prize, the one thing past analysis. In a dozen ways Swinburne may seem ridiculous, but it is nearly half a century since "Atalanta," "Poems and Ballads," and "A Song of Italy" appeared; and as the flight of so many years finds us still prizing more than a little of these volumes, it would seem that the individual thing is already to be identified though not explained.

This at least is clear, that beyond any poet Swinburne is dominated by rhythm. A poet strives, sometimes consciously, often unconsciously, to conform to a secret rhythm that may distress him by its vehemence, or delicately elude him; it is always to an inward beat and pause that his response is made. Swinburne seems to me to have been haunted, even possessed, by rhythm—strong, insistent, irresistible. Of words he was himself the master, but rhythm subdued him. What he heard was large, not delicate; he loved intense things. His submission to rhythm brought something new into English poetry, something which has not yet been freely developed. The choral parts of "Atalanta," "A Leave-Taking," "The Oblation," and perhaps a dozen other poems, remain among the new and wonderful things. "It is not," says Mr. Thomas, speaking of the revolutionary poems, "it is not thought set to music, but music which has absorbed thought." Thus casually, thus unguardedly (you might think), does he utter the noblest and final praise of Swinburne's work. For those who feel this poet to be among the greatest of lyrical poets there is probably not a sentence in Mr. Thomas's book which they can easily repudiate. They will, perhaps, think it fortunate that the first thorough study of Swinburne should render the work of panegyrist and caviller alike unprofitable and vain.

JOHN FREEMAN.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND ROMANCE.*

In the ordinary way of science M. Fabre, the great entomologist, would have had to work out a lifetime of drudgery by teaching in an academy, with the prospect, like the Abbot Mendl, of coming into fame long after his death. Either this, or he would have had to toil away at the lecturer's desk, and waste himself upon such elements of science as a popular audience will listen to. He took the wiser course of seclusion and a frugal life in order to pursue his studies without distraction, and work them out to a logical completeness. All the world knows the story now, and of the quiet entry into fame of a man who has played the hermit for so many years, to his own content and the profit of mankind. But it has not been sufficiently grateful perhaps to M. Maeterlinck for making the transition possible within the scientist's own lifetime. It prefers to dwell, perhaps, on the inequality which bestows on the poet and playwright more wealth for a single work, perhaps, than has served to keep M. Fabre all his working years. But this disparity is the world's own fault, and is none of M. Maeterlinck's contriving. Mankind will always pay for pleasure more than it will ever pay for knowledge; and the injustice of this is roughly balanced by the consideration that knowledge such as M. Fabre has gathered is not reducible to money terms.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, we should get an authorised and uniform English edition of M. Fabre's writings, especially of his ten volumes of marvellous "Souvenirs Entomologiques;" but it was not so certain that this English version would appear as soon as we desired. Happily, we get an earnest of it now in the shape of a well planned and well translated volume of attractive but perfectly serious exterior, and the further the series goes the better we shall be pleased. For the publishers have done well to give the book the best of all introductions. This is the essay by M. Maeterlinck, which for most of us has served as the stepping-stone into that world of fact transmuted by genius, of which M. Fabre is master. As the prologue reminds us, the scientist displays that genius of his in nothing more than in his gift of a rare expository style which has nothing of M. Maeterlinck's twilight glamour about it, but a zest and vividness which tingle the blood as we read. To discuss it all in detail will occupy the learned for many years to come; all we are concerned with at present is to applaud and welcome the present expression of it. And if we add a word, it is to lament that science had no such fascinating form when most of us thirsted for knowledge of Nature and her ways when we were younger than we are to-day.

Mr. F. St. Mars does his spiriting with Nature rather less gently. He is undeterred by the attack that Mr Roosevelt delivered a few years ago on the type of animal novel that Mr. Jack London and Mr. C. G. D. Roberts have cultivated with success. His reply would possibly be that it needed no President to advertise a form of pseudo-Kipling literature that the States have accepted so readily and made so profitable for the author. Landseer made himself famous by putting human emotions into the faces of animals, and the result has survived the condemnation of all critics who deny that sort of anthropomorphism the name of art.

* "The Life of a Spider." By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "People of the Wild." By F. St. Mars. 3s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

THE SURVIVOR

There Was Chaos and All Manner of Unseemly Noises.

From "People of the Wild," by F. St. Mars (Werner Laurie).

When it is well done there may be the same kind of prospective longevity for the romance that puts superhuman reasoning and audacity into birds and beasts and embarks them on adventures of the breathless description. Mr. St. Mars certainly puts sufficient of the "wild" into his seven stories of magpie, wild cat, wolverine, and the rest. We are prepared to believe that there are wild cats in Scotland answering in ferocity to his account, and capable of surviving shipwreck by sea and encounters with eagles on land. But our admission, like our admiration, has the qualification of distance, and we suspect that the author's courage has the same attribute behind it. He makes free with Scotland because he is writing for Americans; and if Scots naturalists are tempted to take the book up it may survive, like his wild cat, because of its fierce American slang. But there is no mistaking the author's powers of invention and force in writing; and when he ceases to strain after smart effects we may perhaps emphasise our praise still more.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

These are two volumes of Mr. Lane's English edition of Anatole France's works, and no doubt they will be warmly welcomed by those readers who do not care to tackle them in the original French. All the same it must be admitted that Anatole France does not translate well into English; if anything, he loses even more than Maupassant. The delicate irony, finish and lightness of his touch cannot keep their original bloom. It would need a master as great as himself to translate Anatole France as he should be translated, and even then it is very doubtful whether his native genius is not too Gallic to be rendered satisfactorily in a foreign tongue. However, all this is not meant to discourage translations of his works (which, indeed, are most necessary); rather is it meant to encourage readers of them who may feel a sense of disappointment which they never expected to feel.

Of the two volumes before us, "Jocasta and The Famished Cat" is much the more remarkable. It consists of two stories. The first is one of Parisian life before and after the Franco-Prussian war. There are four main characters—Monsieur Fellaire de Sisac, his daughter Jocasta, her lover Dr. René Longuemare, and a middle-aged, rich Englishman, who marries Jocasta, called Mr. Haviland. Fellaire is a speculator who has raised himself to an insecure affluence from the most wretched beginnings; his daughter is one of these sombre and passionate figures to whom life is nearly always a burden. She and René love one another, but they never speak of their love, and he goes away to Cochin China, and she marries Haviland, half out of pique and half out of a Madame-Bovary-like wish for luxury. Haviland is a curious, narrow, unimaginative, upright man, who heaps jewellery and so on upon her, but would rather die than be cheated out of a franc. Their life together soon bores Jocasta intolerably, especially as her husband has taken a violent dislike to her father, who has lost all his money in the war and has started sponging upon Haviland. Just then René appears from the East, and all the old feeling is awakened between Jocasta and him. The brightness of this time is horribly darkened for Jocasta by the discovery that Haviland is being poisoned to death by his servant, Groult. Her mind is in a fever of torment, of doubt, of disordered thoughts. Haviland dies, and shortly afterwards she commits suicide by hanging herself. It certainly is, as Anatole France calls it, "a sinister story," "a tale steeped in violence and unrest."

"The Famished Cat" reads almost like a dream. Some of its chief actors (there are many) are negroes or half-castes from Haïti and Martinique, who throw a kind of mysterious and exotic atmosphere over the pages. It is a story of Bohemian life in Paris. The characters are mostly exaggerated and bizarre types of the Parisian artistic sets. They meet frequently at "The Famished Cat"—a little, cheap restaurant. One of the students is Sainte-Lucie, an indolent, voluptuous, and cat-like Haïtian—a very fascinating and primitive figure. Round him centres this improbable and delicious phantasy of adventure and love. Anatole France's touch can seldom have been lighter than when he imagined this mosaic of a cosmopolitan city. It has, in fact, not only the singularity of a dream, but that dream-sense as of something else behind it, exciting and vague, which one can never quite get at.

It is depressing to have to leave these two masterpieces for the arid and dreary pages of "The Aspirations of Jean Servien." This must be one of Anatole France's least successful efforts. It is the work of a man whose creative faculty is not working properly. To speak quite candidly, it is a dull book—which is always a crime in the eyes of a Frenchman, and doubly a crime in the case of so exquisite an artist and *raconteur* as Anatole France. Jean Servien is the son of a bookbinder. He is born in Paris in the '40's of the nineteenth century, and is brought up by his father and aunt. We are told about his life through the years of boyhood up till the time of his death at the hands of a Commune mob during the siege of Paris. His is an unhappy life, because his temperament and desires are so wholly at variance with his station. He wants to be a man of the grand world, a man of fashion, and he is merely the son of a poor bookbinder. Moreover, he falls desperately in love with an actress, desperately and hopelessly in love. This sorrow undermines his existence and makes death a matter of comparatively small concern to him. What one misses particularly in this novel is the profound conception of character, the glowing sense of atmosphere, which light up the best of Anatole France's work. "The Aspirations of Jean Servien" is almost dry and colourless, it has little of the magic one associates with the name of its author. Of course it is, in a way, finished and able—it would be impossible for anything that Anatole France did to be otherwise—but it is not in the least degree a great book.

But, to end up on the same note on which we started, it is really unfair on Anatole France to have to judge him by translations. Everyone who knows French would agree to that, and a good many would go to the extent of saying that he was actually untranslatable—that is to say, that it would be beyond human capacity to do justice to him in any English translation whatsoever. However that may be, it is certainly completely obvious that it is much wiser to read him in French than to read him in English. But that is, after all, a counsel of perfection. For those who cannot, we recommend these translations.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Jocasta and The Famished Cat." Translated by Agnes Fearley. 6s. (John Lane.) "The Aspirations of Jean Servien." Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE LETTERS OF A POST IMPRESSIONIST.*

The enthusiastic Post Impressionist, whether he be a connoisseur or an artist, will be delighted with this book, for it will not only strengthen his faith, but will enable him to meet those who coldly disapprove, and those who actively oppose, the movement with real argument and not mere emotional enthusiasm. Every reader who has the honesty to put aside prejudice will be convinced that at any rate Van Gogh and Gauquin were perfectly sincere in all their innovations. Mr. Ludovici's essay is a really valuable part of the book, for though it is often dogmatic, in many places very provocative, it contains much very sound theory, and is a careful and reasoned defence, never degenerating into mere enthusiastic eulogy, of the work of Van Gogh. The personality of Van Gogh as here revealed is very attractive, the letters are in no case given in full,

* "The Letters of a Post Impressionist." Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh. Translated by A. M. Ludovici, with an Introductory Essay on Van Gogh and his Art. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

personal gossip and matters of ephemeral interest are omitted, but there remains a very intimate expression of his creed, minute explanations of his technic, and interesting descriptions of what his pictures are meant to be; and what will no doubt surprise many a passionate love of beauty and hatred of ugliness. When he writes of living artists, he shows a real and generous appreciation of their work, and his general art criticisms prove that he is no mere iconoclast, but one who can understand and enjoy any manifestation of real greatness. There is too that inevitable sadness which comes to every man who is sincere enough to measure his actual achievements by his own ideals. Mr. Ludovici sums up the most important part of Van Gogh's view thus:

"Van Gogh towards the end become quite positive, notably in his attitude towards life itself, but above all in his attitude towards man. After much tribulation and the gravest and most depressing doubts, he at last realised this fundamental truth—that art, sound art, cannot be an end in itself, that art for art's sake is simply the maddest form of individualistic isolation—not to use a less sonorous but more drastic term—and that art can find its meaning only in life, and in its function as a life force. The highest art, then, must be the art that seeks its meaning in the highest form of life. What is the highest form of life? Van Gogh replies to this question as emphatically and uncompromisingly as every rare and healthy artist has done in all the sanest and healthiest periods of history. He says 'Olan.'"

Nevertheless, Van Gogh was profoundly dissatisfied with civilised man as he now lives; Mr. Ludovici holds that it was this deep dissatisfaction which brought about his ultimate madness, and gives an explanation of how inevitable it is that in these days so many great men must become mad. This may or may not be true, but it is almost a truism to assert that the most significant feature of all art must be its pre-eminent sanity, and even though Van Gogh's insanity may have arisen from the thwarting of his artistic instincts, an explanation of his comparative failure must also be found in this same insanity. Many thoughtful persons will recognise that there is much that is divine in this present discontent, but no one can expect true art to flourish until this discontent has been removed. Van Gogh with his sincerity thoroughly understood that, as can be seen by this quotation from the letter of Gauquin describing his death:

"He (Van Gogh) fires a bullet at himself, and a few hours later, while lying in bed smoking his pipe, with all his wits about him, full of passionate love for his art, and without any feelings of resentment towards humanity, he quietly passed away."

A. H. J.

EAST ANGLIAN HOUSES.*

Though individually the cottages, farmhouses and other buildings that Mr. Basil Oliver writes about in this interesting volume may be of no particular importance, they do collectively, as he remarks, play an essential part in the history of our national architecture. "They were produced," he says, "by local craftsmen, and are not the work of trained architects, for master-builders were not so designated in England until the days of Inigo Jones and Wren, and such men devoted their attention almost entirely to the larger works. The small buildings were moreover constructed of local materials in the local traditional manner, an ideal combination to which we can never again entirely revert, owing to altered conditions. Thus, being a natural product of the time and locality, the old work invariably harmonized with the surrounding country. Its simplicity and qualities of picturesqueness are also accounted for to some extent by a singular freedom from affectation or any artificial striving after effect, and have consequently given to it a great deal of character." This is amply borne out by the examples of such buildings that Mr. Oliver describes and by the sketches and the numerous and beautifully-printed collotype plates from photographs with which his book is illustrated. Norfolk, Suffolk, and rural Essex constitute East Anglia for Mr. Oliver's purposes, and his work is the more valuable in that though he writes with expert knowledge, he does not use the technical language that only experts can read with pleasure. He knows his subject thoroughly, and has had the art to treat it in a style that makes it attractive to the general reader. His dates and historical information have been carefully verified; the unusual variety in the types of East Anglican architecture give him opportunities of avoiding anything like monotony in his letterpress and pictures and he has taken full advantage of them. It is a book that architects will find of great practical usefulness, and it should especially appeal to all—and they are many and increasing in numbers—who are anyway concerned with the architectural renascence that is now become a potent influence in the life of modern England.

East Anglian Houses.

From "Old Houses and Village Buildings in East Anglia," by Basil Oliver (Batsford).

*"Old Houses and Village Buildings in East Anglia." By Basil Oliver, A.R.I.B.A. Illustrated. £1 1s. net. (Batsford.)

RECENT BRITISH HISTORY.

Contributions of considerable value have been made to English History during the past season. October witnessed the apparition of a stupendous volume upon the bookstalls—a book over a quarter of a foot thick, containing well over a thousand pages, weighing about as much as a well nourished baby, and densely packed with illustrations—all for the moderate price of three shillings and sixpence. A more unwieldy book has hardly been seen since Mr. Paul's "Life of J. A. Froude." The laudable object, no doubt, was to make it a work of reference indispensable to every middle class family and to carry the formidable defences of *paterfamilias* by a *coup de main*. The size and the weight no less than the title of "A History of the British Nation"* are undoubtedly provocative. The book itself, so far as we can judge, is admirably compiled and shows the author, Mr. A. D. Innes, to much greater advantage as a surveyor of the whole field than does his monograph on "England under the Tudors" as a specialist on a selected period. With its great wealth of illustrations, maps, plans and tables, the book is a priceless addition to the reference shelf of the ordinary citizen. The *ordonnance* of the book, as the French would say, leaves very little to be desired. Personally, I should have liked a fuller table of contents. The headings are novel and attractive, but are not quite expansive enough. From the student's point of view, the balance of the book would have been greatly improved had rather a fuller allowance been granted to the period from Alfred to Rufus. While one hundred and thirty pages are devoted to Victoria, Alfred the Great is dismissed in three. This disproportion may be popular, but seems rather an excessive compliment to our noble selves. The book excels in condensed statement. Take the Barons War, the Accession of Elizabeth, the Corunna Campaign—the reader will be astonished to find how full and fair an account has been packed into a single paragraph. The chapters on "Aspects," Economic Progress, Society, Manners and Literature are a notable feature. Altogether, this is a book which attains a very high standard of accuracy and diligently acquired merit. It should count upon a large and unanimous public support.

With this work we must take the opportunity of comparing the six-shilling, seven hundred and fifty page volume on "The Groundwork of British History" by G. Townsend Warner and C. H. K. Marten, recently issued by Messrs. Blackie. This is a book more expressly intended for boys, it is less exhaustive, and aims specially at making boys, who are beginning to regard history seriously, use their reasoning faculties in applying themselves to the subject. It is extraordinarily well conceived and well written. "Groundwork" is not taken to exclude personal detail, and the notes are a delight. It is said that a Guardsman confessed to having felt bored at the battle of Waterloo; but, *on the other hand*, a boy of fourteen who had left Eton to take part in the campaign, wrote to his mother after the battle was over: "Dear Mamma, Cousin Tom and I are all right. I never saw anything like it in my life." The book is a testimony to the increased importance of historical teaching at Eton and Harrow. Mr. Warner's "Landmarks" are already a valuable asset of the history teacher. The name of Mr. Marten is a talisman to Eton boys. Boys who have studied history under him have travelled in the past and have found the journey delightful. The influence that a good history teacher can exercise is almost illimitable. You have only to mention the name Marten to an Eton boy; his face lights up at once, and he puts forth his full powers.

Mr. R. H. Gretton in his "Modern History of the English,"† goes some way towards defying criticism. One has read, it may well be, one's McCarthy and Bright, and grafted upon these the histories of Spencer Walpole and Herbert Paul, but this brief, succinct, yet compendious chronicle of the eighties and nineties of the last century has in it an element of painfulness. It is suggestive of a satire by Mr. Beerbohm, or the perusal of an album of half venerable but ridiculously dowdy old photographs—or dashing in a motor through a cemetery of grass-grown tumuli and experiencing a succession of sensational bumps. Perspective is impossible in a period so near at hand. The central figure is Gladstone. How that name thrilled us in the eighties. How powerless, how nebulous it seems now. What deceptions we seem to have been going through all the time! Above all self-deceptions. It was the period of a colossal self-complacency and self-consciousness of virtue, the period of the two Jubilees which the newspapers fostered to the top of their bent. The little touches about Jumbo, bicycling in Battersea Park, the Baccarat Scandal, and Linger Longer Loo, bring it home to us more than generalisations upon the personalities of politicians or estimates of the fluctuations of England's posture *vis à vis* of Europe and America. Mr. Gretton pretends to no exceptional vision, but he chronicles for us upon a peculiar instrument of his own, and when he has done we recognise how dexterously he has manipulated the stops. He must be a man of robust temper, so painfully farcical at times cannot fail to appear this preternaturally modern history. His chance as a dramatic historian will come with the second volume dealing with the period of the Great Boer War. He has to remember that a new generation is growing up which has hardly heard of French and Buller, and knows nothing of Magersfontein and Spion Kop. His narrative in this field promises to be painfully absorbing. In volume I. he holds our attention closely but his theme is not heroic—candidly it reminded me for all the world of the "Diary of a Nobody."

Miss Kate Norgate was set on this work upon "The Minority of Henry III"‡ by Mr. T. A. Archer, the chronicler of the third crusade, and to his memory she dedicates the book. It will be remembered how valorously she championed him in the great epic battle about the palisade at the Battle of Hastings. It is curious to note the divergence in style between the late J. R. Green's disciples and literary executors. Mrs. Green is crusading in the neighbouring island on behalf of St. Patrick and a medieval Ireland which many deem to be almost entirely fabulous. Miss Norgate exposes the baronial oligarchy of the thirteenth century, an oligarchy in the sincere patriotism of which, so far as we remember, J. R. Green had a touching confidence. She adopts more and more the method of S. R. Gardiner, using chronicles where he uses pamphlets, and the intensity of her devotion to these old Latin chronicling-historians makes her three parts of a medieval chronicler herself. She devotes in this volume three hundred well filled pages to the ten years from 1216 to 1226 and it must have cost her full five years to account for this decade in the minutely, thorough and compendious way she has done. After reading her account of the "Fair of Lincoln" and "The Battle of Sandwich" no one will fail to understand the joint ascendency exercised during this period by Hubert de Burgh and William Marshall. The Earl Marshal is nobly portrayed. Like Clive and Wellington, he was deemed in youth the fool of the family and dubbed "Will Wastemeat." In his old age he became the true mirror of a loyal and faithful knight. "God's Feet," said Richard, "I have always held him for the most loyal knight in all my realm." John, on his deathbed, put his whole trust in him. Henry II. and Philip Augustus tell the same tale. In Stephen Langton's words the grand old Marshal was "the best knight of all the world that has lived in our time."

The genesis of the radical and reform movements in Britain has not, perhaps, hitherto attracted so much attention as it deserved from modern historians. There is, no doubt, the suggestive little book on "The English Jacobins" by Mr. Edward Smith, and there is a good deal of information in Erskine May's and similar compilations. This field is now attracting the attention of a posse of capable writers. The chief motive forces were the American Revolution, the political agitations connected with the name of John Wilkes and finally, of course, the stimulus derived from the great

* "A History of the British Nation." 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

† "Modern History of the English." Vol. I. 1880-1898. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

‡ "The Minority of Henry III." With Notes and Index. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

events of 1789. Sir George Trevelyan has recently treated the subject from the American Revolution point of view. We are expecting an elaborate monograph on Wilkes which will, it is hoped, be well documented on the constitutional side from the capable pen of Mr. Horace Bleackley; while Mr. Veitch of Liverpool University has long been engaged upon a serious study of relations between French and English Jacobins. But the promise of help from these works is still *in futuro*. Mr. Henry W. Meikle's book on "Scotland and the French Revolution"* is a most useful contribution *in esse*. Scotland, he shows, was anything but inflammable material between 1745—1789. Even the burning question of church patronage may be said to have smouldered. Dundas mobilised the Parliament representation of Scotland, the country was rapidly growing richer, the menace of 1745 acted as a perpetual remembrancer of the benefits of 1688 and 1715; there existed certainly a languid agitation in favour of borough reform, the abolition of the Test, and of the slave trade; but so long as the trade returns were satisfactory few questions were asked. Mr. Meikle shows how Burke's "Reflections" and Paine's "Rights of Man" transformed this lethargy into a state of active propaganda. Scotland for the first time became a country of politicians and agitators. Two of Burke's most vigorous critics, Christie and Mackintosh, hailed from North of Tweed. Mr. Meikle gives an admirable account of the unrest of 1791, the rise of political societies such as the "Friends of the People," in Scotland; the fullest account we have seen of "The British Convention" with an appendix of delegates; and of the state trials and methods of repression to which these various agitations gave rise. Of Thomas Muir, in particular, he communicates many new particulars; of Muir, who was to have been a member of the Scotch Directory (he died in exile in January, 1799, and was buried at Chantilly), a rival revolutionist, Wolfe Tone, wrote that he was the vainest and most obstinate blockhead he ever met. Mr. Meikle's references to the literature of the period are very welcome and greatly enhance the value of his monograph. He illustrates the political apathy of Scotland in the seventeen-eighties by Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie." He quotes "The Antiquary" and "St. Ronan's Well," and E. H. Strain's "A Prophet's Reward." But in historical value he gives the palm to the novels of John Galt. The "Annals of the Parish" afford a realistic picture of the social and political transformation, while the "Provost" depicts the Augean condition of Scottish municipal and borough politics before the Act of 1833. This is emphatically a book to be studied and kept for reference. The Bibliography is invaluable.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "Scotland and the French Revolution." 10s. net. (Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.)

Novel Notes.

THE HEROINE IN BRONZE. By James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)

She lived within less than half a block of Fifth Avenue, and an iron fence and rhododendron hedge ran along the front of her mansion. Her father was a New Yorker of immense wealth, more concerned over the hardy adventurous Britisher who might some day lift the "America's" cup, than over the hardy adventurous American who might sooner lift his daughter. And while he was busy with finance and yachting affairs, a young man with neither money nor a title took to talking through the iron fence and rhododendrons to the lovely girl on the other side. It is a charming fairy tale, with a banker's daughter as the princess, and a rather conceited young American novelist as the prince. But Mr. James Lane Allen tells it with such leisurely delight and careful and careless art, that it becomes almost a joyous, actual adventure in a world of beautiful realities. Mr. Allen has always seemed to us an essayist of fine quality who uses the form of the novel for his own purpose. The story in itself does not greatly interest him: and though he falls in love with some of his characters—he is quite in love with his present heroine—yet he likes his work best when it allows him to indulge his special genius. He can be humorous or touching, reflective or whimsical; but he cannot be hurried. Whenever the tale tries to carry him past some point at which he wants to rest and look about him, he stops the action, and holds the reader's attention by keeping him expectant and yet side-tracked. He plays with the story, while pouring out a stream of entertaining remarks and striking observation on life generally. In the present case, he has made the remarkable discovery that modern New York has an idyllic, pastoral side, if approached in the right direction and the right frame of mind. Having by his power of delicate, selective vision, brought out this new aspect of the city of sky-scraping and hustle, he makes it the scene of a pure and enchanting romance. Being, however, an essayist with as keen an insight into human character, Mr. Allen gets an unusual richness of thought and feeling into his beautiful fantasy. His fairy princess subtly changes from a lovely, remote, aerial creature into a woman of flesh and blood; and the conceited young novelist, who tells the story, becomes at last a man. He is really painted with a knowledge of youthful literary ambition which is cruelly frank. He boasts to himself of his coming greatness in a manner that sometimes made us weary of his company. We were quite relieved when Mr. Allen with quiet irony made the supposed great novel, with which the heroine was to be won, turn out a failure. But of course the penniless novelist ends by marrying the banker's rich and beautiful daughter. For, as it always happens in fairyland, she was in love with him from the first.

THINGS THAT PASS. By Alice E. Robbins. 6s. (Melrose.)

In a story so full of clever little touches it is a pity that the plot has not more strength; it lacks grip through being spread out over too great a number of years, and develops too much into a *record* of incidents in the lives of a certain group of people. If the author had expanded on the characters of these people it might have been more effective. Yet the book has many human and interesting moments. It opens with the coming of Mary West, a young bride, to her new home, a farm in the country: she is one of those people "who seem born into the world for the express purpose of serving others," and throughout the tale she plays a quietly influencing, shadowy part, the principal woman character being Lena Williams, who comes as a lady help to the farm and remains as Mary's daughter-in-law.

LITTLE THANK YOU. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. 2s. net. (Putnam's.)

Readers of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's book of personal recollections, "I, Myself," know that she has a racy gift of humour and a sparkling vivacity of style; they will find these qualities again in "Little Thank You," and added to them a tenderness and quaintness and simple pathos that should carry this charming novel into an easy popularity. It does not attempt to harrow us with grim

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

problems; it is not a tract or a medical pamphlet in disguise; it is just a story of everyday life and pleasant everyday people—a love story that is unconventional in so far as that its heroine is a pretty young widow whose love romance is as simple and girlish and beautiful an affair as if she had never loved before, and yet she had loved her first husband as wholly and as passionately. She has one child, the delightful little fellow who is nicknamed "Little Thank You," and he is that rare thing in fiction a child who is childlike and natural and wins your interest and your liking. As a rule the child in novels is a little nuisance and a bore, but Little Thank You plays so important a part in the story which is named after him that it could not do without him; and he is not only necessary to it, but is really its chief attraction. The plot is slight, but it is strong enough because your interest is so entirely taken with the people concerned in its development. The sketches of South American life and character are admirable. To all who like a happy story of happy people, whose happiness is shadowed at times by the misunderstandings and the passing sorrows that come to all human creatures, we recommend this clever novel of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's without any reserve whatever.

THE RECIPE FOR RUBBER. By Ralph Stock. With Illustrations by Norman Lindsay. 6s. (Lynwood.)

Probably the bookstalls have already acquainted you with the outward seeming of Mr. Ralph Stock's heroine, for "The Recipe for Rubber" and the clever drawings which Mr. Norman Lindsay has made for it have already seen the light in the pages of a popular magazine. You must know her by sight, surely—that pretty girl in the blue bathing-dress amid the tropical or submarine surroundings? You must not be prejudiced against her, for she is quite the nicest swimmer we have ever met, and so unspoiled and fresh and innocent, too. She is the central figure of a very dramatic and exciting little story, quite excellently well done in its way, and we can very strongly recommend her acquaintance. "The Recipe for Rubber" is a workmanlike and enjoyable tale, which simply insists upon being read at a sitting. Mr. Stock is to be congratulated upon a very refreshing first appearance as a novelist.

GUINEA GOLD. By Beatrice Grimshaw. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This is a thoroughly sound healthy book, and will appeal to readers of both sexes who care for adventure, and are interested in living human beings. The story is carefully constructed, and interesting throughout, but it is no mere adventure story in which puppets mechanically go through their parts, the people are actual and always alive. The writing is good, and there are many passages of real poetry and eloquence. It is not, however, a work of great originality, the characters seem somewhat familiar friends, and the incidents are not quite unexpected. But the author is no copyist, in her hands the characters and incidents are alive; this is not the less so, because we are reminded of those we have met before. The story is that of three men, who go into partnership to seek for gold; we follow their steps and their adventures with breathless interest, we see the conflict of their characters and get an intimate knowledge of their lives, we are caught by the romance of gold digging and the perpetual fierce struggle with nature. But we are interested in something besides the gold—a love story with a very pathetic heroine, two of the men love her, she loves one, but they are both loyal and sacrifice everything to make her happy. The adventures in this book are but an incident in the lives of the three men, which will, however, never be forgotten—one at least (the hero) goes back and fulfils his old obligations, and finds satisfaction and happiness in so doing. It is not quite the book that we should expect to be written by a woman, but it contains many of the good qualities which more specially belong to that sex.

PRIVATE SMITH. By Captain Oswald Dallas. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

In a brief foreword to this story Sir Robert Baden-Powell states that "if the nation knew more about their soldiers . . . and appreciated them at their proper worth, instead of merely glorifying them in war and forgetting them in peace, there would not be so much need for conscription or other suggested methods for obtaining soldiers." And although in "Private Smith" Captain Dallas has felt himself called upon to champion Tommy Atkins against public apathy, and even against contempt in some quarters, he certainly has not unduly "glorified" the British soldier, but has given a very fair and vivid description of his parts as displayed in barracks or on the field of battle. Whether the author has unduly extolled the profession of arms is another matter, and one on which some light is thrown by Herr Jansen's recently published "Pride of War." A capital, if somewhat old-fashioned, love-story runs through the pages of "Private Smith," which tells of a subaltern who leaves his regiment under a cloud and re-enters the army as a private soldier in time to serve in the South African campaign. The author gives some graphic scenes from this memorable war, and his book will be appreciated by all who enjoy a typical soldier story.

KING ERRANT. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A historical novelist who takes liberties with the facts of history and confesses her faults in a preface disarms criticism. That is unless the liberties are inartistic. In this case they are not. If Zahir-ud-din Mahommed, the great head of the so-called Moghul dynasty, had not a Maham among his numerous wives he is to be pitied, and Mrs. Steel is determined that her readers shall not pity him. He is a romantic figure in these pages, exiled, triumphant, ambitious, chivalrous, and glittering. The book rings with his songs and clashes with his battles. It is a pageant of Eastern adventure, drawn with singular deftness, and readable even if the reader can bring little or no historical knowledge to the entertainment. A novel which covers the career of such a royal fighter from youth to death runs the risk of being remembered for episodes rather than for continuous development, and Mrs. Steel's book varies naturally in its power of arresting the attention. But every now and then she sketches a bit of scenery, and these vignettes help to lend a unity to the setting of the tale. They are distinctly Oriental, more Oriental than the language of the dialogues occasionally. But, Oriental or not, the story in the main is a full-blooded romance. It was a daring and difficult theme; Mrs. Steel has succeeded in handling it upon the whole with wonderful sympathy and verve, and Babar, even with his new traits, remains a splendid figure on the borderland of history and fiction.

THE DISTANT LAMP. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Begbie is not the first among recent writers of fiction to handle the story of the children's crusade, but he has made some features of it live again in these pages. The religious fervour of the movement appeals to him in its spontaneity and daring. He contrasts the simple enthusiasm of the young crusaders with the religious indifference of the age. A priest half-cynically tells one of the heroes, "Ah, my son, life is a long road, and Time a cripple that lags thereon. For us priests time wears the shell of tortoise or snail; at first we mount up with wings like eagles, then we run and are not weary, presently we walk and do not faint; but finally we sit down, we stretch the limbs, we close the eyes, and to the buzzing of flies and the humming of bees we fall asleep. The heart grows tired. The mass loses its mystery. One yawns at the altar. I tell you what God should do. He should perform a miracle once a year to keep up the enthusiasm of the clergy." It is against this background that Mr. Begbie develops the rush and glow of the extraordinary crusade which ended in such a tragedy. The brothers, Gaspard and Hildebert, and poor Falaise, who died to save her honour, are the main figures in the tale. No reader will expect any analysis or criticism of the crusade in these pages. He will expect and he will find a vivid narrative, full of strong emotion and fervid piety, which is effective on account of its sharply-drawn contrasts.

UNDER THE YOKE. By Ivan Vazoff. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

A wholly exceptional interest attaches to a novel describing a nation's struggle for freedom, when written by one of the active participators in that struggle. Be it never so badly written it bears the stamp of actuality; it lives; it is a fact, not a mere tissue woven of the imagination. But this story of the Bulgarian effort of 1875 is not badly written. It is the work of a great artist as well as a great patriot. Dumas himself could not have strung together a series of more thrilling and breathless incidents. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" hardly excites more of our sympathy with the suffering magnanimous hero. Like Jean Valjean he develops, grows to the stature of a perfect man. At first a mere hunted fugitive, then, what is not much more exalted, a mere wreaker of primitive punishment of lust and cruelty in the great scene in the mill, and the perpetrator of an act of thoughtlessness which entails much suffering afterwards, he rises and grows into the kindly, great souled patriot. This development of his personality proceeds through and by means of a succession of glowing scenes of Bulgarian life and labour. Truth to tell the brilliancy of these different pictures, the detailed portraiture of numbers of dramatis personæ rather difficult to remember by their Bulgarian names that give no clue to sex, rather stays and hampers the main action. It is "Romola" over again, but with this great difference that it is "Romola" written by a Florentine of the Medici age. So we do not by any means grudge the time and attention expended on these full-blooded, many-coloured pictures: Marko supping with his joyous family under the ivied wall; the nunnery a perfect "School for Scandal;" the monastery, with its imbecile, its glutton, and its Robin Hood for a prior; the wedding dinner at the usurers; the gay and sparkling sewing party—in everyone there is a rush of vivacity, an abundance of life such as is all too seldom found in English novels. In short, we welcome *con amore* this, the first-fruits of Bulgarian genius.

BACK HOME. By Irvin S. Cobb. 6s. (Heinemann)

Mr. Cobb is a South American who has gone to live in the North, and "viewing my own State," as he says in a preface here, "and my own people across a perspective of time and distance I had the ambition to set down on paper, as faithfully as I might, a representation of those people as I knew them." Hence his title, "Back Home." He has carried out his purpose in ten stories; stories of life in a town that lies somewhere in the western part of Kentucky; the humour and the pathos of them is unforced and curiously effective, and they are the freshest things of the kind that have come out of America since Bret Harte wrote his first book. "A Judgment Come to Daniel" is the least satisfactory, though it is amusing, with a hint of pathos in the background, and well enough done in its way. The other stories are all admirable, and "Words and Music" is one of the best of them. It tells of how Breck Tandy killed a man in justifiable circumstances, but made the cardinal mistake of calling in a smart alien lawyer to defend him. The jury resented the interposition of this stranger, and moved by this feeling and other local influences would certainly have brought in a verdict of Guilty but for the masterly strategy of Judge Priest, who came to bear witness to Breck Tandy's general good character. The Judge was an old soldier of the Civil War days; he ascertained that two or three of the jury, including the foreman, had also been old soldiers, and whilst giving his evidence he contrived to get in some of his recollections of the war, dropping in the fact that he and Breck Tandy's father had been in the troop that made a forced march to the defence of the town here when an approaching force of Yankees menaced it, and that Breck's father was wounded in the subsequent fighting, and never quite got over it. The Judge had arranged that at a given signal a negro minstrel, who had been busy at a local fair, should play outside the Courthouse the stirring old tune to which the Southerners had marched through the town to that fight in old days, and the effect of this music on the people in Court, just when they were caught by the Judge's recollections, is a wonderful bit of description. The hard old woman, leader of public opinion in the place, moves across and seats herself beside the prisoner's desolate little wife; the fire blazes anew in the dull eyes of those ancient soldiers on the jury, and that is a fine touch, too, of how, as the Judge passed from the witness stand, the old foreman raised his hand to a military salute. Sentiment, you may say, but glorious sentiment, after all, and you feel, as the jury and every soul in the Court felt, there is no condemning of the prisoner in the face of it. These little touches of sentiment that linger in the Southern heart about all remembrances of the war make one of the great charms of more than one of Mr. Cobb's stories. They are clever stories, and, better than clever, they are delightfully, humorously and poignantly human.

THE GODS OF THE DEAD. By Winifred Graham. 6s. (Rider.)

Cosmo Turnus is the possessor of a mummy of virulent appearance. He is convinced that it is bringing bad luck upon him and his family and suddenly resolves to burn it. Fortunately for the purposes of the story he chooses for this operation the exact moment when his only daughter is being born. The window of his wife's room is open and the smoke blows in. So, of course, "the room was full of mystery and wonder. Hovering near were the Gods of the Dead, influencing the new life, which an Eastern spirit blessed and beautified in passing"—which accounts for whatever is strange in the character of Camilla, and there is a good deal of strangeness about her and her history. You can always rely upon Miss Winifred Graham for a good, dramatic story, and in "The Gods of the Dead" her work is fully up to its usual level, while the eerie atmosphere which it possesses is not the least excellent of its many good qualities. It can be recommended to anybody in search of a thrill.

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL. By W. J. Locke. Illustrated. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mr. Locke's ideal audience is of the sort that suffers rogues gladly. He has run down pretty nearly the whole scale of gaiety, except the hysterical sort that leaves regrets the next morning, to the tune of jarred nerves and a throbbing pulse. But of his varied repertoire we like his happy-go-lucky rogues and vagabonds best. "Septimus" was amiable but businesslike; Marcus Ordeyne was gentlemanly but unconventional; his "Beloved Vagabond," whose name we forget, was gallant and reckless. The

"Between the folds of the blanket peeped the face of a sleeping child."

From "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by W. J. Locke. (John Lane.)

brave Aristide is a mixture of all of them, and as entertaining as the three combined. He rushes in where detectives fear to tread; in other words, his nature is above any sort of pursuit. Aristide was born to lead. He rises superior to Arsène Lupin and Sherlock Holmes, because he needs no criminal hypothesis to set him going. All he requires is a chance encounter in a French provincial town, and the help of a passing motor-car. When we think of the advantages of the popular adventurer over his predecessors of ten or twenty years ago—the automobile, wireless, and the airship—we think on the whole, perhaps, that Sherlock did pretty well, and we feel inclined to amend the comparison. Let us make it equal as far as achievements are concerned. Aristide, however, wins by his wit, and Sherlock had not an ounce of wit in his composition. Aristide also gains by his freedom from scruples. He lies like a Cretan, and travels like a hare. It is not till he lands in England that we see him at his best. He drops into a picture fraud of the seamiest description, and emerges from the conspiracy a hero. Analysis of his motives would ruin the situation, perhaps, but he forfeits a good round sum of ready money for a whim, and this stands for heroism in the school of Mr. Locke, whatever his namesake, the philosopher, might have to say. To go a step further, we think it a blemish on Aristide's originality that he had studied the character of Autolycus in the original text, for we cannot think of a restless genius like him ploughing through Shakespeare for ideas. His author may have done it, and probably has; but Aristide never. If he emerges into another volume, and in Shakespearean phrase we desire him of more acquaintance—we hope he will leave books out of his scheme of things. They add a lustre of erudition where it is needless and out of place. They tarnish him with a suggestion of second-hand, and we like our "brav' Aristide" best when he is spontaneous. It only remains to add that Mr. Alec Ball has made him live in the pictures just as vigorous and vivid as he is in the text; and what could we say more?

OUR ALTY. By M. E Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). 6s. (John Long.)

If we were given to sentimentalising over stories we should write that those by Mrs. Blundell held the scent of new-mown hay within them and the song of the lark. But it would be doing Mrs. Blundell a real wrong to indulge in sentimentality when the clear, unaffected sentiment which she reveals in her pages is so genuine and so charming. The country idyll of "Our Alty" is a slighter thing than we usually get from this writer unless she is actually giving us a short story. It is just the love story of a thorough country girl and the two men who courted her, the one an educated, poor-spirited Adonis who pleased himself regardless of Alty's heart or name; the other the rough, kindly farmer in whose service Alty worked. Mrs. Blundell has used skill and care in developing her heroine's character, showing her to us as she gradually awakens to womanhood, and, while learning what love means, learns also the sharp cut of deception, and the worth of a good man. The weak part of the story is that which is concerned with the family and friends of Alty's smart lover. It is a somewhat theatrical blot upon a pretty country tale, and in addition to this it is not very clearly presented. But those readers who enjoy a book for its quiet excellence, its wholesomeness, its naturalness and its truth to nature and human nature, may look for some pleasant hours in following Alty's career from the day when her grandmother sniffs the knuckle of the ham which is "savin' up for the buryin'" of Alty's grandfather to that day when her eyes are opened and her true lover declares "we're happy."

CEASE FIRING. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

Taken by itself, Miss Mary Johnston's new novel "Cease Firing" may seem a ragged piece of work. It is likely at times to perplex a reader unacquainted with the author's last book; and some misunderstanding would, we think, have been prevented if the new volume had been plainly put forward as a continuation of "The Long Roll." It is really the second part of a trilogy, which is not yet completed. Slowly and carefully, Miss Johnston is composing a great panorama of the American Civil War, taken from an unusual point of view. A Daughter of the South, descended from a famous fighting stock, she writes with intense and yet restrained partisanship. Nevertheless, she treats the North with the courteous fairness becoming in a Virginian of the old school, but sadly lacking in the multitude of modern American novelists who take the popular, triumphant side. In some respects, she is rather more of an historian than a novelist in the fine and important work on which she is now engaged. The story in "Cease Firing" is a mere thread which scarcely connects together all the chapters of the book. What Miss Johnston aims at depicting and succeeds in depicting is the whole life of a dying nation. For the South was a nation, distinct from the North in manners, spirit and tradition. And this distinction was the fundamental cause of the civil war. Properly handled, the slavery question might have been settled without an armed conflict; for a majority of the planters was inclined to some pacific scheme of emancipation. But between the industrial democratic Northerners and the agricultural gentry of the South, there was a division as deep as that which once separated our Puritans and Cavaliers. "Free Government," says one of the characters in "Cease Firing," "is founded on the consent of the governed, and every community strong enough to establish and maintain its independence has a right to assert it. My father fought Great Britain in defence of that principle." But being behind the North in industrial power, the planters were at last defeated and broken, and it is as a tragic picture of a high-spirited people in their day of irretrievable disaster, that Miss Johnston's new work fills and touches the mind. It is not an historical novel built from books, and deriving all its animating power from the writer's imagination. The author has woven her fine work out of the living memories of her relatives and friends of the older generation. The result is a peculiar vividness of treatment. The whole struggle of the South is seen in so intimate a way that the living, fighting, desperate nation becomes the real hero, and the individual figures count for what they represent more than for what they singly are. The characterization is always clear and interesting, but it is merged in the larger subject.

THE RELUCTANT LOVER. By Stephen McKenna. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Of the several new novelists whose works the young firm of Herbert Jenkins has put before the public, Mr. Stephen McKenna is not the least noteworthy. "The Reluctant Lover" is a modern comedy of manners, presenting an ultra-modern type of character and one which has—naturally enough—been little dealt with before. Cyril Fitzroy, who considers himself a decadent and a cynic, is the Reluctant Lover of the title, and Myra, the young lady who prefers a reluctant to a willing lover, is the character which the publishers seem to find especially unconventional and attractive. (It is of no particular moment that our own taste lies in another direction.) Between them the two arrange upon a probationary period of two years, during which Cyril is to prove that he is possessed of more than merely surface attractions. During the interval that follows, Cyril becomes the guardian of a singularly attractive young girl, whose life he eventually saves—in truly Victorian manner—by his use of a sucking-tube when she is about to succumb to diphtheria. Thus he proves himself—and proves also that his affection for Myra is no more than affection, which is admittedly a surprise to that scintillating young lady. It is all very pleasant, amusing and clever—but just a trifle unsatisfactory. Whether it be that the book is lacking in variety, or whether the characters are uniformly too young, and their conversation too consistently brilliant, there can be no doubt about that point. Mr. McKenna has not yet quite found himself. When he does, we believe that he will do really big things—and in the meantime we are properly grateful for so refreshing and so fascinating a piece of work as "The Reluctant Lover."

OFFICER 666. By Barton W. Currie and Augustin McHugh. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you want a fresh, breezy, rollicking story you cannot do better than get a copy of "Officer 666"—the novel of the successful play now running at the Globe Theatre. It is exceedingly entertaining, with an ingenious plot and sparkling dialogue. The action of the tale takes place all in a few hours and almost entirely in one scene—the house of young Travers Gladwin, American millionaire. Gladwin returns from Egypt secretly, because he suspects a shady plot between his ex-valet and his lawyer, and stumbles across another plot, discovering that someone has been using his name in his absence and that a beautiful young girl, Helen Burton, is about to elope with "Travers Gladwin" that very evening. One exciting event follows rapidly on the heels of another in the next few hours, in all of which "Officer 666," or at any rate his coat and hat, plays an important part. At the meeting of the real and the false Travers Gladwin the marvellous wit and pluck of the latter compels the admiration not only of the reader, but of the real Gladwin himself, and he actually helps his impersonator to escape from a house full of policemen. It is a book that no laughter-loving individual can afford to miss.

The Bookman's Table.

THE OLD IRISH WORLD. By Alice Stopford Green. 4s. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a collection of lectures concerning Ireland, with a certain unity in its variety, and forming an attractive and valuable addition to Mrs. Green's epoch-marking book, "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing," and her less ambitious but brilliant and informing work entitled "Irish Nationality." "The Way of History in Ireland" is a powerful and often crushing reply to haughty but conventional critics of the first-named volume. "The Trade Routes of Ireland" emphasises far-revealing points in a sphere in which Mrs. Green is a first-rate authority, while "A Great Irish Lady" sheds a flood of light on the character and complexity of the civilisation of the real and inner Ireland in the Middle Ages. The volume contains a store of fact, and a liberal infusion of that far finer essence, soul-fact. Such a book ought to go far to destroy old passions and prejudices. It is valuable to Ireland, perhaps even more valuable to England. In regard to mediæval Ireland Irishmen of to-day have much to learn, Englishmen much to unlearn. The truth has surprises, but ought to make for mental enlargement, after a certain chastening.

RAMBLES IN IRELAND. By Robert Lynd. Illustrations by Jack B. Yeats. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Even those who know much of Ireland, and know it intimately, will find freshness and fascination in Mr. Lynd's enlivening and penetrative pages. He is a delightful rambler, but a rambler who sets forth on his tours with a fine store of knowledge of Ireland's past and present; her history, her literature, her art, her ideals. He is in fact an educated Irish enthusiast, and wherever he happens to be, at home or abroad, he carries a vivid and varied mental Ireland along with him. But in work like the present all this is suggested very unobtrusively, just in flashes and glimpses and reveries. When he gets out anew amongst the people he becomes the seeker, the observer, the learner again, just as if Ireland were a precious and curious novelty to him. So the reader, like himself, has an ever-widening field of wonder and character; he is in a land at once ancient and venerable and ruined, yet romantically human, pathetically curious, astonishingly complicated, vivaciously new. There is ever the sense of discovery, whether it be darksome or lightsome or both together, with gleams of beauty never long out of the picture.

With most writers on Ireland we need to be wary and critical. Whether they know much or little they put into their work and pictures a great deal of their own personalities. Ireland seems to make personality shine or bristle; she is not apparently conducive to detachment. One great charm of Mr. Lynd is that while he is a wise and cultured Irishman he can really be detached. He can tell us what he sees, can tell us with art and zest of what lives and happens under his eyes.

Some of us wish that he had seen his way to deal fully or in detail, rather than by suggestion, with the intellectual and spiritual ideas and trends of contemporary Ireland, as for this task he has special qualifications. He has restrained himself, however, though he must have felt the temptation acutely at times. East, west, and south he has kept to plainer ways and themes, but the result is invariably refreshing and revealing.

View of Ardglass, from Ringfadd.
From "The Old Irish World," by Alice Stopford Green (Macmillan).

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS. With notes and a Translation by Charles Stuttaford. 6s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

There are two kinds of translation that are acceptable. The first is rarely to be found: it demands so many excellences of different kinds. To begin with, the translator must be steeped in his original, he must catch its exact spirit and proportion and perspective and point of view, and he must have a sensitive feeling for the co-notation of the words and phrases he has to render. But that is not enough. To this sympathy and understanding he must join an uncommon knowledge of the language into which he is to translate, and he must have that rarest and highest capacity, the gift of distinction in writing. This last is the greatest need of all, without it a scholar may by taking thought achieve a careful and adequate and scholarly version of his author and yet something so dull, so colourless, so correctly cold as to leave the reader languid and uninterested. You cannot find Shelley's translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury uninteresting, it is a fine poem and means something, even though you may cavil at its accuracy, if you think it worth while. The other kind of translation is made because of an enthusiasm, it is a real labour of love, and as all love has something admirable in it we find ourselves disarmed, our criticism becomes kindly, we allow what otherwise could hardly be permitted to pass unchallenged. We read with sympathy, glad to find a felicity, passing lightly over a turn that seems heavy or out of keeping, dwelling on what is good, forgetting what is less satisfying. Such a translation is before us in Mr. Charles Stuttaford's Catullus. His version is clearly born, as they say every child should be, of a great love, and when in reading we find his English fail to charm, we can turn to the opposite page and find the jewelled Latin. And if in reading the English we disagree with or dislike a phrase, when we look at the Latin we can nearly always see why Mr. Stuttaford adopted his wording—a high tribute of praise to the translator. Yet perhaps this may be disadvantageous to the whole poem, to have it made into a mosaic of phrases corresponding to the original, but not always in harmony with each other in English. Mr. Stuttaford has had so much delight in making these versions that we are inclined to look kindly on a translation that must be ranked among those that fail to show distinction.

THE AMERICAN DIARY OF A JAPANESE GIRL. By Yone Noguchi. 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Noguchi, the poet, we have long admired; he is one of the two Japanese authors who have captivated us in the net of their imperfect, very skilfully imperfect, English. He seemed to us before to be a Japanese butterfly which had strayed somehow into a Hebridean sunset and had grown deliciously intoxicated. At the same time he strayed no more out of himself than did Shelley, and we apprehended that in attempting to depict a Japanese girl on whose untutored mind America thrusts itself, Mr. Noguchi would bring too much of himself into the sketch. He is indeed far too profound for his heroine, and in some places he goes so far in the direction of naïvité that we look askance at the performance. In other words, it seems to us that the requisite sense of European humour—there is no humour worth dignifying with the title American—is not easily to be acquired, even by a most gifted Japanese. As an example of observation not unworthy of Tolstoi we have this:

"It is astonishing to notice what a condescending manner the white gentlemen display towards ladies. They take off their hats in the elevator—some showing such a great bald head, like a funny O Binzuru, that is as common as spectacled children—if any woman is present. They stand humbly as Japs to the august 'Son of Heaven.' They crawl out like lambs after the woman steps away. It puzzles me to solve how women can be deserving of such honour.

"What a goody-goody act!

"But I wonder how they behave themselves before God!"

Again, is it not rather Noguchi than this Miss Morning Glory, the book's heroine, who says:

"Snake, one of my greatest foes! (The others being cheese and mathematics.) I turned pale. But I bravely faced it, hoping that it would speak a word or two, as one did to Eve. I placed my eyes on it, though in fear. Perhaps it wasn't as intelligent as the one in the Garden of Eden. Maybe it thought it nothing but a waste of time to address a Jap poorly stored in English. It crept away. I ran down the hill."

And, on second thoughts, even if Mr. Noguchi does not give us—surely he does not!—the simple soul of this Miss Morning Glory, yet we have reason to be thankful for what he does give.

'NEATH OAK AND OLIVE. By Harold Sanford. (Wellingborough: Perkins & Co.).

The prevailing note in these poems is one of pensive thoughtfulness; a dreamy, rather morbidly melancholy spirit broods over some, but not over the best of them: the best glimmer with a sort of starlight of hope and breathe a music of quiet happiness. Still, even the gloomiest are usually strengthened by a touch of stoic courage. "The Outer Darkness" ends with a prayer for "an untrammelled fighting chance"; "In Praise of Death," for all its sombreness glows with a fine high-hearted faith that good shall be the final goal. The descriptive poems are admirable; and there are dainty and graceful lyrics, such as "The Winged Love":

"Maiden with April eyes,
And moods of changing skies,
Let not the winged Love pass. . . ."

The three sonnets, "In a Forest," are finished with scholarly care and show real imaginative power; there is fancifulness and charm in the picturesque lines "In an Old Garden"; and characteristic of the author's happier moods is the sonnet on "Mortality," of which this is the octave:

"Love me from airy morn till mystic night,
Yea, for my very faults but love me more;
Not for the heavens to which my wings would soar
In speechless raphsody of dazzling light,
But for my failure to attain the height
Of passionate desire. Now, as of yore,
With thy large tenderness erase the score
Of my transgressions from thy loved sight."

It would be easy to point out flaws, but we have been less struck with these than with the genuine poetry that is in this little book, and the promise of better things that is inherent in much of it—a promise that we shall look with interest and with confidence to see Mr. Sanford fulfil.

THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC. By Edward Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Edward Garnett's new play, more even than its predecessors, "The Breaking Point" and "The Feud," is of the extremely modern kind which puts in nothing except what is necessary to guide the actors. It is meant to be acted, not to be read, and only a most experienced dramatic critic could pretend to see it as its author meant it to be. That is to say, the words are little more than shorthand. Mr. Garnett has studied the records of Jeanne d'Arc's trial. He has made a selection from his own point of view, and has added a scene or two necessary to complete it but not to be found in the records. The shrewd simple maid is continually before us against a changing background of subtle or malignant priests and brutal soldiers, but she has rather a smaller proportion of the actual speaking than the Magdalen in Maeterlinck's play. Several scenes, particularly the last—the execution—leave us in no doubt of their dramatic effectiveness. Of the rest we can only say that they are of extremely careful workmanship, and that they make us wish it were possible either to see them speedily upon the stage or to have a fuller poetic version for the study. The merit of Mr. Garnett's framework is indisputable. It is well arranged and it offers a very suggestive abridgment of the trial. It remains to be seen how these brief lines, so many of them accompanied by guiding parentheses for the actors, will be translated into speech: if they have their deserts they should make a fine play.

TENNYSON. By Aaron Watson. The People's Books. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

The little book on Tennyson that Mr. Aaron Watson contributes to Messrs. Jack's admirable series of People's Books is a model of condensed biography and criticism.

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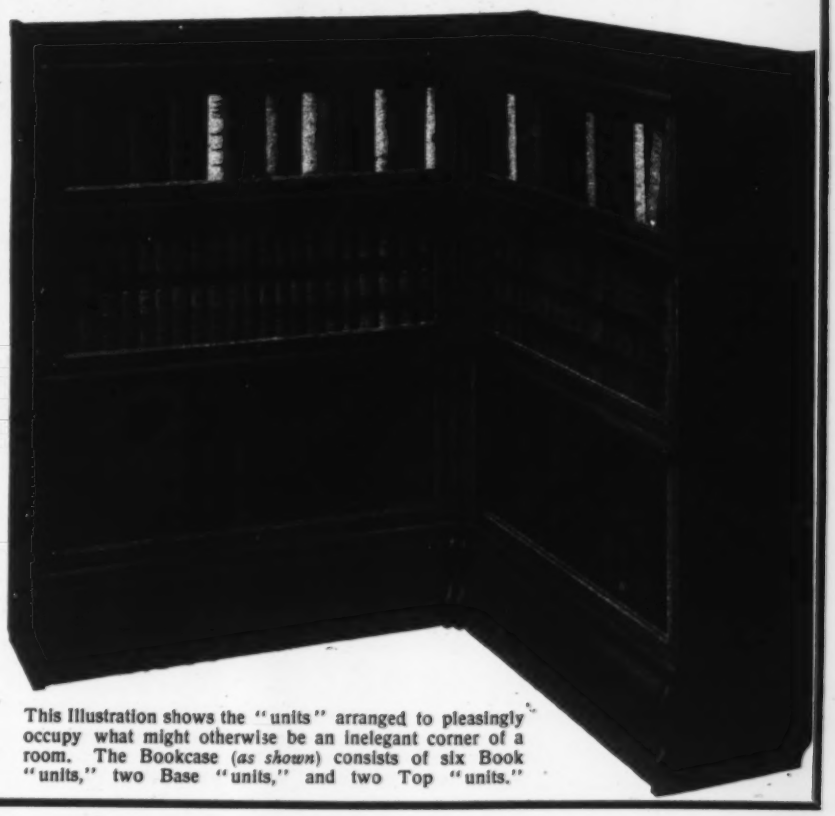

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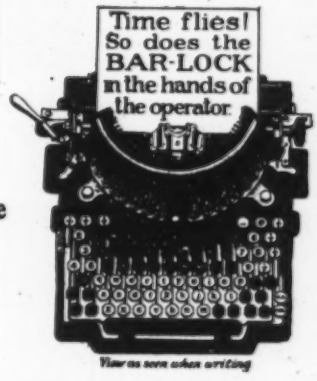

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Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers, London, E.C.

Mr. Aaron Watson.
A snapshot taken on board the *Mauretania*.

Mr. Watson achieves his purpose of dealing concisely with his subject not by omitting anything, but by saying everything he has to say in the fewest possible words. He gives all the necessary facts of the poet's life and briefly traces the effect upon him of the environment of his early experiences; follows him through certain years of neglect and comparative poverty to the period when he towered as the chief poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century; then traces the growth among critics of a tendency to disparage and belittle him, and so to the record of his later days and his death. His enormous popularity had remained unimpaired; but after his death, as after the deaths of nearly all great authors, came a time of general depreciation; his very popularity had resulted in this by making us too familiar with his work, and familiarity with anything of beauty always renders us half-blind to it. Now this time is passed, or nearly passed, and, as Mr. Watson has it, "his fame is steadily remounting to its place among the fixed stars of greatest magnitude." Mr. Watson shrewdly summarises the causes of his popularity; thinks his plays deserve even more attention than they have received; and that in future "as Turner is most admired by painters, so will Tennyson be placed highest by those to whom the veritable spirit of poetry has revealed itself." Full of information, critically appreciative, written in a lucid, easy, pleasant style, this is one of the best little handbooks to Tennyson and his work that have yet been published.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

The explanatory addition to the title of Miss Alys Lowth's book of travel disarms the critic to a great extent. The title is **Doreen Coasting**: the addition is "With some Account of the Places She Saw and The People She Encountered." (10s. 6d. net.) As a matter of fact it is a book that does not call for much criticism; it is such an unaffected account of unadventurous travel that those readers who "have been there" and those readers who want to go, will read it because they either know all about it or want to know all about it; and those who yearn for perils and thrilling situations will leave it alone. "Doreen" tells, in a series of letters to one, Patrick, how she asserted her independence on her twenty-first birthday and went a-travelling all by herself except for a maid, and how she made her way from Dover to Calais, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and so on to Naples. Then on again to Port Said, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Mozambique—and a better-known South Africa. It is all quite pleasantly told, the places are brightly described, incidentally, help is given to the inexperienced who may travel these same ways, travelling companions are frankly portrayed and criticised, historiettes of the best and the worst of them are told, and we put down the volume at last with its descriptions and its excellent little photographic illustrations with a feeling of friendliness. There is much in it that is not salient, but then it doesn't pretend to be merely informative.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

The difficulties attending biography written by relatives are notorious, and it is an entirely pardonable means of escape that modesty seeks when a writer in these circumstances is tempted to substitute for a fully formed biographical record, a collection of estimates and judgments by others. Of such is **The Life of Benjamin Waugh**, by his daughter, Rosa Waugh, (5s. net. Illustrated.) And yet, in spite of its unpretentious literary form, the book is marked by a complete unity owing to the striking personality of its subject and the very remarkable singleness of purpose in the work he set before him. In the earliest years of his long ministerial life we hear of Benjamin Waugh voluntarily appearing before the magistrates on behalf of some very unhardened juvenile offenders. As time passed, this became the dominating passion of his life, and the long and weary struggle of the pioneer was crowned by the passing of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in 1889—the real Children's Charter. Mr. Waugh's energies found other useful outlet, notably in the early days of the London School Board, but it is by the Children's Charter that his name will rightly live. Still further unity is given to the book by the interesting preface by Lord Alverstone who, as Sir Richard Webster, was mainly responsible for steering the Charter through Parliament.

MESSRS. MAUNSEL & CO., LTD.

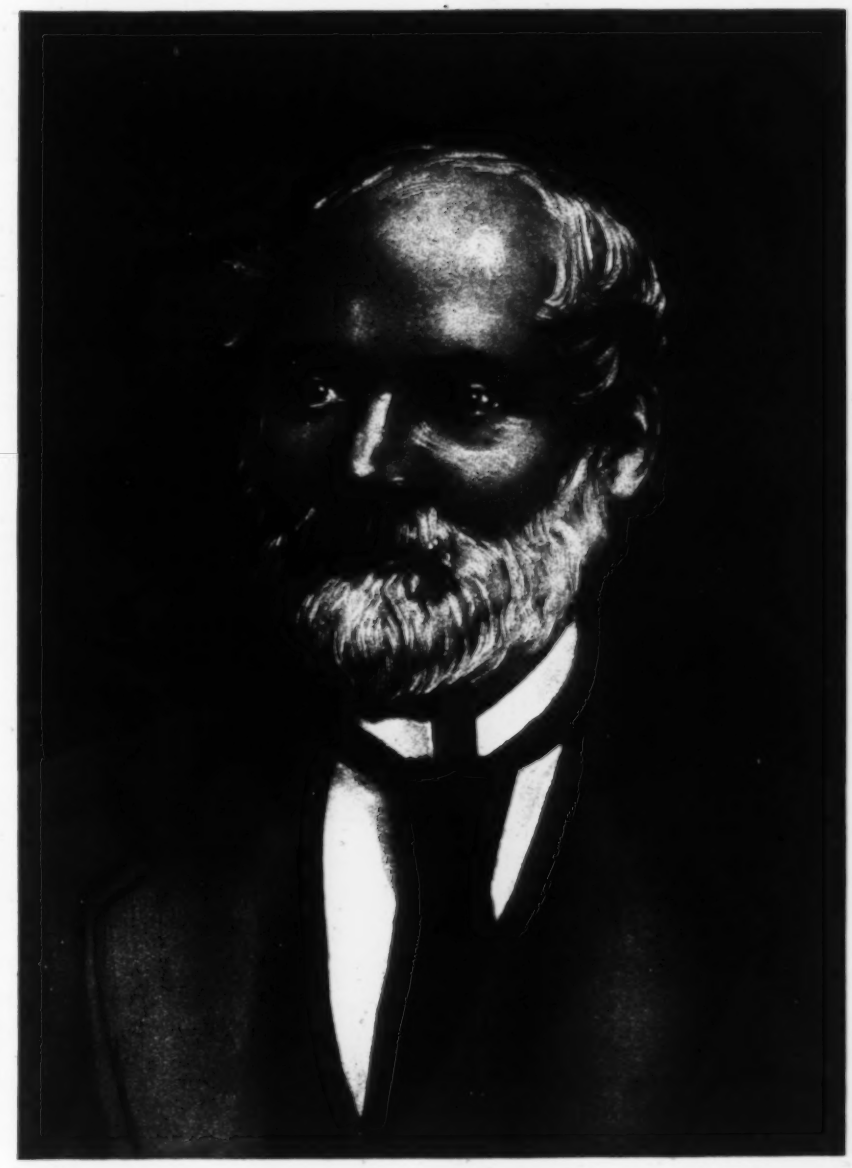
Among the many books that have already been called for by the sinking of the *Titanic*, a place of special interest and distinction will be accorded to the modest volume entitled **Thomas Andrews, Shipbuilder**, by Shan F. Bullock. With an Introduction by Sir Horace Plunkett (1s. net). Mr. Bullock has performed his labour of love with skill and good judgment, and his restrained but moving record of this brilliant life cut short will effect its memorial purpose much more truly than if he had yielded to the temptation of padding his volume with conjectures and often-told details. The book, we take it, was primarily written as a souvenir within the reach of every working-man in Ulster, and we do not doubt that thousands of it will be valued there as a worthy tribute to one who proved himself to be a born leader of men. "To Thomas Andrews," says Sir Horace Plunkett, "the supreme test came in circumstances demanding almost superhuman fortitude and self-control. And so in his last hour we see this brave, strong, capable and lovable man displaying not only heroism but every quality which had exalted him in the regard of his fellows, and endeared him to all who had worked and lived with him. This is the verdict of his countrymen."

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT, LTD.

The novelist is not without certain claims on our admiration who has the courage to describe a Lord Chief Justice who, without turning a hair, poisons a blackmailer one evening in his study and throws his body over the cliff at the end of his garden. Events become complicated when the wrong man is tried for the murder before the Lord Chief Justice, and the son of the Lord Chief Justice is counsel for the defence. There even comes the thrilling moment when the Lord Chief descends from the Bench to the witness-box, and is saved from disaster only by the jocular interposition of his judicial colleagues. All this, and much more, is courageously set forth and explained by Mr. Mark Allerton in **Let Justice be Done**, (6s.). The circumstances of this thrilling story are not so severely and dully probable as to cause its readers' enjoyment to be marred by some lingering doubts as to whether the ends of justice were entirely met.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

"Positive genius," "Fearless strength," "Tremendous power" are among the startling characteristics claimed by its publishers for **The Light Bearers**, by M. Sylvestre (6s.). The subject of the book is one concerning which there has of late been, perhaps, not a little injudicious writing, but whatever its literary shortcomings may be, and they appear to us not to be few, it may quite fairly be claimed for this story that it deals with the Social Evil question with tact and reticence and without indulging in the realism that in matters of this kind so often defeats the well-intentional moralist's purpose. The tragedy of Mémé's ghastly life-story is set forth with considerable power, and so also is the revenge of Lalo L'Estrange, who herself had passed through the fire, but whose strength of character had enabled her to turn her wrongs into the channel of practical endeavour. The story is an earnest justification of recent legislation, and the grimness of its subject is relieved by a pleasant love-story between two others who helped Lalo L'Estrange to bear the light into dark places.



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